

PHILLIPS LIBRARY
PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
EAST INDIA SQUARE
SALEM, MA 01970



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Feature This Issue
"Encounter in Tarpaulin Cove"
"Circumnavigation 2001" - "Bird"

Volume 19 - Number 14

December 1, 2001

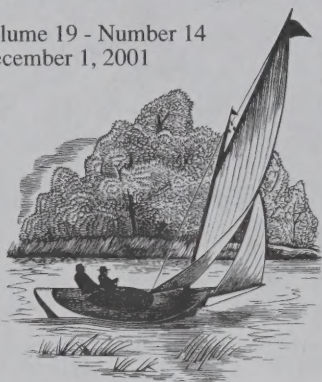


GV
771.
.M47

messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 19 - Number 14
December 1, 2001



Published twice a month, 24 times a year. U.S. subscription price is \$24 for 24 issues. Canadian and overseas subscription price is \$36 U.S. funds drawn on a U.S. bank or by international money order.

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943. Telephone is 978-774-0906. There is no machine.

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production and subscription fulfillment is by Office Support Services.

Circulation inquiries and problems: contact Roberta Freeman, Office Support Services, 978-777-3557, e-mail: officesupport@mediaone.net

Looking Ahead...

Tamsin Venn of *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker* shares her report with us on the annual meeting of the North American Water Trails Association in "Water Trails for the New Millennium".

Mike Stockstill found that when he had finished building his boat he had to go sail it and tells us about this in "*rAmBuNcTiOuS Rides*"; and John Potts continues with Part 2 of his series "Circumnavigation 2001".

Mark Sanderling tells us about building a skylight for his Sandpiper 32 in "Having Butterflies"; Francis Walter shares with us his 1950 journal about "The Florist's Pirogue"; Robb White gets into the guts of his ongoing project in "The Engine Room"; and Gary Vaughn presents Part 3 of "Gary, Ann & Grendel".

We will tell you all about Fred Shell's newest creation in "Fred's Crab Claw Cat"; Herb Schneider looks back into "Naptha Launches"; we look over "Pygmy Boats 15th Anniversary Catalog"; Dennis Davis gets close to the end of his series with Part 11 of "Back to the Drawing Board"; and Phil Bolger & Friends should have the next installment of their ongoing design series for us.

Joe Reisner details building a budget double paddle in "The \$15 Second Gear"; and *Sport Aviation* magazine shares with us some useful information on "Faster, Accurate Rib Nailing".

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



My contemplation of the upcoming winter season this year has been altered from its usual comfortable dreaming of winter projects and what I'd like to do next summer by the terrorist events of September and thereafter and the resulting public paranoia and near panic over anthrax arriving in the mail. We get lots of mail, but I am not one to assume I am so significant a person that I would be a target of this program of striking fear into the hearts of Americans. It's more the reaction to all this by our government which has fueled a growing realization that they do not seem to know how to deal with this situation, and the resulting imminent end of our long running period of onward and upward prosperity that I view will have more direct affect on us all.

The economy was already easing back prior to this blow, with the collapse of the internet bubble setting it off. Early signs of people cutting back on buying all the costly trinkets and toys we have come to love were showing up, and when our President has to go on TV after the terrorist attack shot down much non-essential air travel and ask us all to go to Disneyworld and eat out and buy new furniture to help the economy, you knew we were in imminent economic trouble. As soon as confidence in the future evaporates, people sit on their wallets, or if they spend, start paying off past purchases made on the never never.

The big impact will be on the wildly inflated housing market, reportedly now carrying about a 20% overhang of unsold high end new homes; automobiles, no longer simply essentials for many but status symbols, and hence costly; and big boy's toys, amongst which in our area of interest we find today's costly big boats, in particular powerboats. The markets for these, and many other similar artifacts of today's consumer appetites, is headed down and it will be a long slide from the peak reached on the power of funny money, money one doesn't have yet but hopes to have in time to meet the payments. With the source of such money, jobs, headed down as demand for the goods and services these jobs provide declines, the downward spiral will be an accelerating one.

This all will have some impact on even so small and innocuous an activity as our level of messing about in boats. Since I began publishing in 1983 we've gone through one major decline in the economy in the early '90s,

but nothing nearly as bad as I believe is headed our way now. Will we be able to carry on playing this game we love? I think so, because it is of modest financial scale. Even in the depths of the Great Depression in the '30s much small boating was indulged in because it was affordable even to those addicted to it with limited money to spend.

In our 42 years of turning out small home grown publications we've passed through a number of economic downturns and weathered them all, and I see no major threat yet to our current little magazine because of its scale and the nature of our readership, mostly do it yourself types least affected by economic crunches.

Despite this, the developing situation is still altering my contemplation of winter's projects and next summer's outings because no longer are we fat and happy riding the crest of prosperity, and unanticipated setbacks may appear. One I anticipate is what might happen to the already steep postal rates we pay to mail the magazine when the Postal Service gets around to installing all the high cost new security equipment and attendant personnel. The costs for all this will be passed right along to mail users. The letters you write will cost more to mail, but you do not mail thousands of pieces of mail twice a month. Even at the low end rates we now pay (3rd Class Bulk) postage eats up 25% of the subscription price you pay.

None of my planned winter projects and activities are costly, they are more labor intensive than money intensive, so I expect to carry on with them, but I will be monitoring more closely the fortunes of this magazine as the ongoing crisis deepens, something I haven't had to think of in past seasons when I happily went about my messing about in boats. I suspect that many of you will be doing likewise, looking over your shoulder as you carry on with your boating activities to see if something is gaining on you.

Ah, a silver lining. Perhaps the decline in rampant consumerism will result in a decline in the presence of jet skis and big outboards on the waters we enjoy. Fewer will be sold, and perhaps many of those already owned will be beached by lack of money to operate them. Might be kinda nice out on the water next summer after all.

On the Cover...

Yep, there really is a Robb White and that's him putting back a little 32" fish he's just caught in that pond from one of his own his lightweight boats.

Give Christmas Gift Subscriptions to your friends who mess about in boats...

It's a gift that keeps on coming, twice a month all through the year!

To order, complete as many of the orders forms at the right as you need (or copies of them) and send them to us at the address below with your check for \$28 new subscription rate (U.S. only) for each gift subscription order. We do not accept credit card orders.

We will mail out gift announcement cards in time for Christmas delivery if we have your order in our hands no later than December 15, 2001. If you wish, we will send the announcement cards directly to you if you prefer to personally deliver them.

All gift subscriptions will begin with the January 1, 2002 issue unless you specify otherwise.

*messing
about in*
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984-1943



GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDERED BY:

NAME: _____

MAIL ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

GIFT FOR:

NAME: _____

MAIL ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

☐ SEND GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT CARD TO ME

GIFT FOR:

NAME: _____

MAIL ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

☐ SEND GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT CARD TO ME

GIFT FOR:

NAME: _____

MAIL ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

☐ SEND GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT CARD TO ME

You write to us about...

Information Needed...

Anyone Know Who Sabujack Is?

I was wondering if you or any of your readers might be able to identify the sailboat in these photos. Her name is *Sabujack* and she lived in a barn close to Hagerstown, Maryland for 53 years. She is 25' in length with a beam of 8'. She is sloop rigged (marconi) with a centerboard and total draft of 30". Her last known owner was a Mr. Ray Ingram, formerly of Connecticut.

Last year I acquired her from a Mr. Rinehart and brought her here to Florida for the purpose of restoration. I thought surely there would be a builder's mark or some identification somewhere. To date, I have found nothing. There is a winged delta symbol on the mainsail but our local sailmaker was not able to identify it.

I have contacted a couple of museums with no results.

Jim Sauer, 5903 Riverside Dr., Port Orange, FL 32127



Opinions...

Some Views on Paddling & Locking

In the September 15th issue I recognized an old friend among the letters from readers. The drawing of the Griffin PBK26 brought back memories. About twenty years back a friend brought me a copy of Percy Blandford's book that included the plan for the Griffin. He wanted to build a cedar stripe version of that boat.

Converting the plan to a smooth skin round bottomed boat was pretty basic lofting and the next evening he was cutting out forms. A little over a week went by and we tested the first built from our plan. The boat proved to be a reasonably good all around kayak. The first one was sold before he had a chance to trip in it and he built a second one that he still has. We were both very active in the Minnesota Canoe Association at that time and we gave the plan to that club so they could add it to their growing list of plans. The plan is still available by contacting Jim Sparks at (612) 782-5937, sparky002@juno.com>

All of us who paddle have different styles and I try not to get too critical when I disagree with someone else's style. In the October 1 issue I find an article by Caleb Davis showed two gentlemen who look like they are ready to fall out of a canoe. I have tried kneeling in the bow of a fairly fine lined canoe and never found room to put both knees into the bottom of the boat. Yes I often kneel in one of my solo canoes but my knees are over a foot apart. With my knees spread I can swivel at the hips

and the boat can do what it pleases and I'm still stable.

I have knelt in the rear seat of my racing canoe primarily to move my CG forward so we could power through shallow spots but I'm back on the seat in the center of the seat as soon as we are back into deeper water.

I would like to suggest that before trying Mr Davis' system in your canoe try it first at home, kneeling on your living room rug. Put both knees together. Are you stable?

When I read about Jack Hornung's aborted Snake River trip I was totally in shock. I was a lock and dam operator on the Mississippi for nearly thirty years and refusing a lockage for lack of an engine was unthinkable. I was taught that if you dam up a river that was navigable you must provide some way of getting boats past your dam. Probably a good thing that I wasn't there, I would have contacted the local media and made a big stink.

When I read in a subsequent issue a letter from Mr. Wegman faulting Mr. Hornung for simply not knowing that the locks were unavailable to him, my feeling was that he was way out of line. I think that Mr. Hornung was wronged by the Corps and Mr Wegman just rubbed salt into the wound.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

Editor Comments: The response from the Corps of Engineers was published in the November 15 issue in my "Commentary" column.

Working With the Corps

When I read in your November 15 issue "Commentary" of the surprising news from the Corps of Engineers about their revised locking policy I contacted Phil Bengt and will be helping him with his Snake River/Columbia River Water Trail.

Jack Hornung, Seattle, WA

Flexible Catboat Thinking

Aside from occasional marconi sails on catboats, the ancient gaff rigs prevail. Both offer considerable difficulties. Consider a simplified Chinese lug sail, plan form essentially rectangular except for the top edge rake. Also, consider the unbeatable luff, the fact that it is both a foresail and aft sail, and that no rig self reefs easier from the top or bottom. If you encounter CE problems, don't move the mast. Rather use the built-in parrel luff line, or relocate the yard on the halyard.

The main objection seems to be a lack of draft or airfoil shape. This alone shouldn't rule the rig out, but also note good pictures of bamboo battens show bunching where a hard line is desired, like about 20% of the MAC, and more flexibility where wanted. Also note masts are also large bunched bamboo and not the same size in trees.

You don't have to include the complex sheetlet system, great designers like Phil Bolger have done westernized versions. However, overall due to the bottom line costs of sail and battens, don't fail to experiment on

your own. After all, the sail can be a great cockpit cover.

If concern for mast stressing occurs, I go a long way for no standing rigging rigs considering emergency times in letting the sail fly free and powerless over a bow quarter. However, being dismasted is a poor option. Years ago we invented a "kinda shroud" that was immediately detachable from the chain plate, then run aft to a winch or cleat like a running backstay. It'd seem a practical undertaking to place chainplate attach points forward, amidship the mast, and aft. Quick detachable from port or starboard, the mast can be braced against wherever the wind is coming from. One Pacific Northwest experimenter used the bargain store plastic tarp material and PVC pipe for battens. As mentioned, it also made a great tarp for land or afloat usages

Our initial sail material was large paint store drop cloths. Cheap.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Projects...

A Couple of Small Plywood Boats

Here are photos of the small plywood boats I built this year. The sailing skiff is the Jimmy Skiff, whose plans and manuals are available from one of your advertisers, Chesapeake Light Craft in Annapolis, MD. The light electric motor launch is the Triad, plans and directions available from Stevenson Projects at PO Box 59X6, Carmel, CA 93921 and at www.stevproj.com.

Dan Dick, Worcester, MA



I appreciated the kind remarks about my article in the August 15 issue ("Some Thoughts on Small Boat Safety") that John Stilgoe made on the "You Write... pages in the October 1 issue.

My own chief concern is the accidents involving smaller boats when unskilled persons use them. Mr. Stilgoe's concern revolves around the dangers created by the big wakes of today's powerful motorboats when they are operated in the vicinity of smaller craft.

I agree with him, having seen plenty of unfortunate happenings when powerful craft rush past smaller craft with no regard for wakes. This kind of thing happens too often and I have comments to make about it.

Of course, it's common to see "No Wake" signs in mooring areas. But we don't see them in places like inlets to harbors, near ripped channels, along channels leading appreciable distances from harbor entrances to mooring areas. These are the places where wake incidents tend to happen.

Large, powerful pleasure boats are owned and operated by people who have clearly had the good fortune to become very prosperous. Some of them are quite aggressive and self centered. By this I mean they are of the type that thinks they are above the law. I have over the years operated small boats in assorted places, and things I have seen do give me the strong impression that local harbor masters in some of these places are timid about going after these people. Such big boat owners patronize local marinas and marina operators seem to pass the word along to harbor officials that it would be better to say or do nothing to upset these Mr. Bigbucks types.

So this is another matter that should be discussed more widely by small boat owners and operators.

Mr. Stilgoe commented that he hopes I can write something about how operators of some large, powerful boats operate at high speed in fog and darkness. Well, I don't think I can do a full length article about this, but I can make some comments. Little is said about it in the media, but this country has become speed crazy. Show someone a new small airplane and his first question is, "How fast will it go?"

In bookstores and on news stands one can find a score or more magazines devoted to fast cars and trucks. Because movies and television depend substantially on movement to make their images interesting to watch, there are more and more films and TV programs that feature automobile races. Where automobile commercials on TV once stressed things like comfort and fuel economy, they now stress power and performance. So it's not surprising that our waters today are heavily populated with dingbats who have been brainwashed into thinking they can't have fun unless their boats are going fast.

This brings up another matter worth some thought by the kind of people who read *MAIB*. Early marine engines were mostly single cylinder ones designed for installation in smaller displacement hulls. This got people interested in larger powerboats such as cabin cruisers. Because labor costs were so low in the first two or three decades of the 20th century, many firms started to manufacture larger marine engines which could be sold at reasonable prices.

If one undertook to start manufacturing



The Dangers from Today's Big Powerful Motorboats

By Bob Whittier

a modern version of a big old 1925 marine engine that develops 100hp at 1500rpm, one would quickly find out that the cost of engineering, patternmaking, toolmaking, low volume precision machining, etc., would put the cost of such an engine into the Rolls Royce price range.

In the 1920s it became common to convert modest 4 cylinder auto engines for use in boats. Several firms offered parts kits for doing this. In time, manufacturers of marine engines came to make it standard practice to base their products on mass produced auto and truck, and sometimes tractor, engine blocks.

Today such things as metallurgical advances, computer controlled metalworking machines, precision manufacturing and quality control methods, and so on, have given us auto engines that will do 150,000 or more miles without breakdown. It makes economic sense to base marine engines on them.

The availability of ever-larger outboard motors discourages attempts to convert smaller engines designed for compact cars into marine engines. So we more and more see V-6 and V-8 engines being offered as standard accepted powerplants for larger pleasure craft.

The bigger speedboats and the cabin cruisers we now see are, of course, made to use these powerful engines. Because they will go fast, they have deep vee bottoms for acceptably comfortable ride on open waters. They are, in fact, one speed (high speed) boats. It's these deep vee wide bottoms that cause them to make big wakes when slowed down. Who can tell us what to do about this situation?

Because waterfront real estate is so costly today, many people are turning to larger cabin cruisers for use as summer waterfront dwellings. The wider and higher a cabin cruiser is, the more interior living space it offers people who have this use in mind. This, of course, makes it quite a wake maker.

It's useful, too, for us to understand that outboard motor manufacturers today are in the business of selling power, not selling mere motors. Look at a 2 cylinder 25hp motor and a similar motor rated at 50hp. Same number of parts, therefore pretty much the same number of designing, patternmaking, casting and forging, machining and assembling operations. The 50hp twin contains several dollars more worth of metal, but it can be sold for a much higher price than the 25hp having the same number of parts. This line of thinking can be applied to the 200hp and 300hp outboards we have today. The buildings in which they are made cost the company the same, and the same machine tools used for smaller motors can turn out parts for bigger ones. Ole Evinrude was a tinkerer, Lou Johnson was an engineer, but outboard firms today are run by Harvard MBA types.

What it comes down to is that the boats and motors we see at big boat shows today are primarily merchandise first, and a sometimes rather distant seconds as boats. Today there are TV programs which feature bass fishing contests based on catching the most bass. To be competitive one needs a fast boat to be able to get to and try as many likely spots as possible. So the boats used are powered by huge outboards. This sells a lot of big profitable outboards. Once we used to do okay with 5hp outboards for fishing, but of course there was less profit in making and selling those kickers.

I know, I know, these things I have said don't solve the problem of how to help small and large boats get along well together on our increasingly crowded waters, but perhaps they will help readers to better understand why things are the way they are today.



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com



- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale

- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com

The last book I read about paddling on the Connecticut River was Jim Dina's *Voyage of the Ant*, in which he tells of building his birchbark canoe the way the pre-European native Americans did and then paddling it up the Connecticut to its headwaters, camping along-shore as the native Americans did. It was a very close re-enactment of a way of life on this river and a fascinating read.

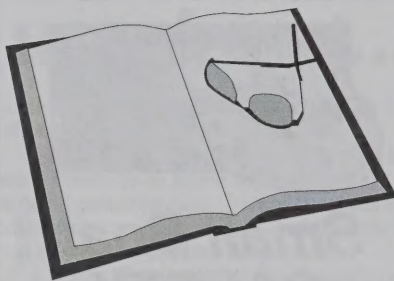
Well, Michael Tougas doesn't tackle his adventure on the Connecticut in this manner, his announced purpose is a revisiting of a river which played an important part in his youth in Longmeadow, Massachusetts. I read a previous book by this author, *Exploring the Hidden Charles* (reviewed in the May 1 issue by John Hawkinson), and found it of interest for it was a stage by stage description of the charms of this suburban river near Boston so I decided to review *River Days*.

River Days is a ramble from the origins of the Connecticut in Pittsburg, New Hampshire on the Canadian border at Fourth Connecticut Lake to the sea on Long Island Sound, 410 miles to the south. Michael rambles by canoe, kayak, automobile, bicycle and on foot over many months and includes a winter segment on the lower river in a friend's big power boat. He himself uses "power" in the form of an electric trolling motor even though he is going downstream.

Tougas chose to bypass the tough going, shallow waters, rapids, even several of the lakes impounded behind the many dams which he viewed as dangerous because of power boat activity. He even experienced one stretch just south of the Massachusetts state line above the Millers Falls dam in a tour boat, as he viewed the heavy powerboat traffic as being menacing to his little canoe.

Much discussion of fishing forms an important and integral part of the narrative. Sometimes the author is joined by fishermen friends to indulge in this passion. Visiting historic and cultural sites along the way also figures prominently, with thumbnail sketches of early colonial era life, mostly focussing on early settlers battling native Americans, French and later on, British.

What I am saying here is that this is not an adventure book but rather a sort of tour

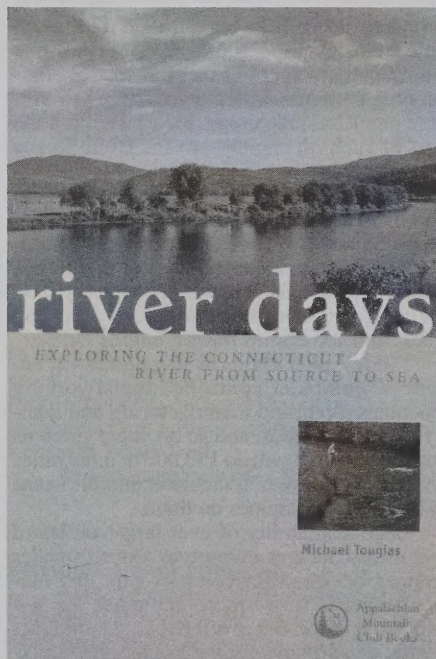


Book Review

River Days

Michael Tougas
Appalachian Mountain Club Books
224 Pages 6"x9"
Paperback \$14.95
ISBN 1-929173-03-2

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



guide for the casual paddler overlaid with the author's personal observations. Environmental commentary enroute is frequent, usually a recognition of how things have improved in reducing river pollution and restoring indigenous wildlife and fish. Judging from the author's attitude about the more strenuous river conditions and his comments about becoming tired from modest exertions, I conclude that he is like most of us, enjoying messing about in a canoe and kayak while indulging in shoreside accommodations for the most part and the occasional support of companions at times.

Since all of us who indulge in small boats seem to share a common bond of dislike of the antics of thoughtless powerboaters, I chose to include this brief excerpt from the book describing one of the author's more harrowing moments:

"Here's what happens when I reach Brattleboro. Since the river is now loaded with powerboats and their wakes are battering my Old Town Pack canoe, I stay close to the New Hampshire side of the river for safety. As I pass by a dock, a powerboat cruises out and a water-skier hops into the water. I'm trapped between the shoreline and the boat, which is about to gun its engine to pull up the skier. Knowing the wake it produces could swamp me at such close range, I call, 'Can you wait a minute till I get by?' The driver doesn't hear me or purposely ignores me. I call again, this time louder. He looks at me and gives the boat full throttle, jerking up the water-skier and sending an ocean-size wave my way.

I survive, but right then and there I decide to take a different approach to exploring the river. To avoid the few yahoos that think their motorboats make them macho, I'll paddle on weekdays or at dawn, avoiding the popular powerboat areas and enjoying those portions of the river valley by bicycle. It's clear the use of the river has changed as I approach Massachusetts. It's crazy to pretend I can have the Connecticut to myself as I did up north. I'm going to learn from the river, to go with the flow and adapt.

"By the time I pull out at the launch site on Old Ferry Road in Brattleboro, a couple more motorboats have roared past, including a cabin cruiser the size of the *Love Boat*. While I'm putting the canoe onto the car, I fall into conversation with a boater who is launching his boat with twin engines. 'Why is it,' I ask, 'that a small number of boaters seem to have it out for canoes?'

"Well," he responded, "they just want to go fast and not change course drastically for a canoe. But most boaters will slow down and veer away from kayaks and canoes. I used to be one of the full-throttle boaters, until I hit a log; it was a close call that gave me religion."

I then ask him about the next couple of miles downriver to the Vernon Dam.

"You won't like it. Plenty of boats, and the river becomes lake-like behind the dam. The West River comes in on the Vermont side just above Route 119, and you might want to canoe up the river sometime to the Retreat Meadows Wildlife Area. But if I were you, I'd explore Brattleboro, it's a nice town, then check out the shad coming up the fish ladder at the Vernon Dam."

Michael follows this local knowledge and soon after, a few miles further south in Massachusetts, he experiences the river onboard a tour boat just to be safe.

KayakCraft by Ted Moores



Take a great 17' sea kayak design, add Ted's skill and craftsmanship, and you have a book to guide you through a great experience. 176 pages, \$19.95.

Order Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447
or visit our site and click the link
for WoodenBoat Books.

WoodenBoat, PO Box 78
Naskeag Road, Brooklin, ME 04616

www.woodenboat.com

Can you Canoe?



Let Mac McCarthy show you how to build a *Wee Lassie*, the 11'6" wood-strip double-paddle canoe, featured in his book *Featherweight Boatbuilding*. 96 pages, \$19.95.

Order Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447
or visit our site and click the link
for WoodenBoat Books.

WoodenBoat, PO Box 78
Naskeag Road, Brooklin, ME 04616

www.woodenboat.com

1015.305
M585



Peter Duff bringing *Relentless* from Buzzards Bay into Cuttyhunk.

Plans hatched in the pit of winter can be dangerous. Throwing caution to the wind, five of us set an ambitious goal: Peter Duff would go sailing this summer.

With an enthusiastic blessing from Peter and Maggie, Walt Elliott and Leo and I agreed to help Peter get the Shearwater, *Relentless*, shipshape and back in the action. Over the last four years Peter had several projects and improvements going. She needed reassembling and rewiring.

First, Peter and Maggie had a very big project of their own to finish. Peter was having an exhibit of his boat models at the New Bedford Art Gallery. The opening for the summer-long show was June 28th. It is a wonderful exhibit! Peter's work is exquisite, and the graphics and setting were perfect. Leo and I drove over to visit the show and the Duffs in June. While we were there, we took a day to assess what needed to be done with their boat.

We returned in late July with Walt, who had flown in from his home in Seattle. Four days later Peter, Maggie and Walt sailed into the boatyard races and party at Edy and Duff! There were no Shearwaters for Peter to race against. They must have heard that Peter was coming. He'd won the race the two other times he had entered.

A couple of days later, Leo and I left Walt with Peter and Maggie and went home for a week. Maggie dubbed Walt "Relentless II" for his singular focus on finishing the fitting-out process with Peter. The most obvious changes were a new set of sails (with a much larger mizzen), four solar panels, a flush mounted GPS antenna and grab rails everywhere.

The next Sunday, August 4th, was to be the rendezvous date of the Magnum Opus '01. The plans were to sail around the Elizabeth Islands which run roughly parallel to the south coast of Massachusetts. Hadley's Harbor is almost at the eastern end of these islands. Cuttyhunk is at the western end. Buzzard's Bay is the body of water that separates the mainland from the islands. We launched at a small but fine town ramp in the town of Mattapoisett, which is about halfway between New Bedford to the west and Cape Cod to the east.

When we arrived at the ramp, *Relentless* was already in the water at her old mooring;

Peter Sails Again!

By Sandy Lommen
From *Shallow Water Sailor*

Harry and Alice and Dean, Mary and Damon were waiting for high tide to launch. By evening we were joined by the Gertys in their Martha Jane. Harry introduced us to his technique for "shallow-ramp launching". He disconnects the trailer from the car and lowers it the rest of the way down the ramp with a heavy line. It saved the day, but be sure to block the trailer wheels when you unhitch!

Sailing away Monday morning was the plan, but Leo and I had a problem. Our little Dovekie was the small boat and Buzzard's Bay was acting up. The three Shearwaters and the Martha Jane seemed to make the passage reasonably well, but our Dovekie was getting bounced hard by the high winds and opposing current. The thick haze and rough ride of a Buzzard's Bay "smokey souwester" made us feel pretty lonely by the time we were only a third of the way across, so we turned around and went back.

Getting back into Mattapoisett Harbor, anchoring and eating lunch hiked up our resolve and allowed the tide to turn. On the second try to cross the Bay, we made it, although one of us got drenched with spray. A southerly course and a strong SW winds will do that. Leo says I'm a good spray screen. He didn't even have to wear foul weather gear! We arrived at Hadley's Harbor in thick fog. Like good detectives we found our fellow SWSers and rafted up for a supper gam.

Tuesday morning was hot and clear. *Relentless* set off for Cuttyhunk Island but found the wind too strong for a day of tacking against a foul tide. None of us thought that idling a day in Hadley's was a hardship. We swam, slept, talked and ate boat-made pizza. Ardea took the opportunity for a sail over to the nearby Weepecket Islands for lunch and a swim.

Wednesday was a hot, clear, and less

windy day so off we sailed for Cuttyhunk. It was a seven hour sail of tacking into the SW wind. That's a lot of bouncing and chafing. Cuttyhunk is a charming island. Dean Meledones says that Cuttyhunk looks like how he remembers Cape Cod from his childhood. It's only 2-1/2 miles long and less than a mile wide. There's no room for expansion, modernization, or pollution. The locals and long-time summer residents are very protective of their privacy and their island. At sunset the cannon fired the signal for all flags to be taken in. Then the local bagpiper began playing. His fine music wafted over our anchorage.

No matter how many boats have moored in the inner harbor, there is always room for our shallow draft boats to anchor out of harm's way. For the first time since we've been coming here, Leo and I finally met and talked with the locals. Our flat bottomed boats got us dried out in the mudflats and lots of attention. Our hailing port of Troy, New York brought two summer residents over to talk about our mayor, whose family has been summering there for several generations. Peter enjoyed the seaplane that regularly landed, then took off, just aft of *Relentless*.

Thursday and Friday brought even hotter temps and stronger winds. Oh, dear. Stuck in Paradise. We walked around a bit, swam in the modest surf and heard that the Eastern Seaboard was sweltering and shutting down from the heat. We were in the perfect place.

Saturday arrived with good news and bad news. The wind had moderated and the previous night's storm was playing out. We had a chance to sneak back across the Bay and maybe get Walt to his Sunday airline connection in time. The bad news was that the wind was out of the NE, exactly the direction we needed to sail. One more long day of tacking our brains out. But the waves and tide were favorable. The crossing was long but uneventful.

We arrived at the boat ramp tired and hungry about 6pm. Although deciding to haul out then, we were aware that this was putting pressure on five weary bodies. But our luck had turned. Peter's and Maggie's neighbors happened along (three strapping men) and swooped *Relentless* onto her trailer in less than half an hour. We smiled all the way back to the Duff's! *Relentless* is snugged into her dry dock all salty and peaceful. She seems to be smiling, too. Mission accomplished.

Editor Comments: For readers unaware of Peter Duff's contribution to small craft sailing, he was a founding partner of Edey & Duff, builders of the beautiful fiberglass version of the Crocker Stone Horse sloop and later the shallow water cruising Dovekie and its larger sibling, Shearwater, both Peter's creations. A number of years ago Peter became afflicted with Parkinson's disease and its effects ultimately caused him to give up the business, which operates today under new ownership.

The Shallow Water Sailors are a group of sailors devoted to shallow water sailing small craft. The Magnum Opus is another of Peter's ideas, an annual cruise for interested faithful which moves from place to place from year to year. The faithful keep in touch year round through its newsletter, *The Shallow Water Sailor* founded by John Zohlen and edited today by Ken Murphy. Interested readers can contact Ken at 20931 Lochaven Ct., Gaithersburg, MD 20882.



Sandee Lee.

I had been thinking for some time of circumnavigating the Delmarva Peninsula after I retired during the summer of 2000; I would use my Bayfield 25' sailboat. My appetite was whetted when I spied Howard Schindler's book, *Between Two Bays and the Sea*, at the bookstore. I quickly read the book and, as if that wasn't enough, I was given an autographed copy of the same book for my birthday! In that book the author described his experience circumnavigating Delmarva in 1987.

My planning began in earnest during July of 2000 when I was given a substantial gift certificate for a boat store as a retirement gift from my co-workers. I purchased an extensive chart book that would supply all my chart needs for the voyage. This chart book, coupled with my handheld GPS, would keep me busy for many hours over the winter months, computing waypoints and plotting courses on the

Circumnavigation 2001

A Journal of a Circumnavigation of the Delmarva Peninsula

Part 1

By John Potts

paper charts. These computations were entered into the computer program designed to download into the small GPS. During October, November, and December I probably spent 90 hours on the project, when finally, on December 22, 2000, I was able to download the 127 waypoints and 17 route legs into the GPS. My first career as a U.S. Coast Guard officer and ship's captain prepared me well for this plotting project.

Howard "Bud" Schindler made his circumnavigation of the Delmarva Peninsula in his 22' Sailmaster sloop *Sherry W* in 26 days during May and June of 1987. For Bud's eastern shore legs, he chose to sail the back bays mostly and spent quite a bit of time aground. I intended to avoid groundings completely and sail "outside" in the Atlantic where feasible. His voyage, as well as mine, was done alone. I set the time for my voyage as May 2001 to beat the mosquitoes and flies and also to avoid the hot weather and frequent doldrums of summer. My navigation plan computations were completed four full months before the voyage. My boat, the *Sandee Lee*, was hauled for the winter and would be ready for launching to her mooring buoy in Round Bay, five miles up the Severn River from Annapolis, in mid April.

The *Sandee Lee* is a 25' Bayfield, made in Canada in 1978. I purchased the boat in 1995, my third sailboat. In the late 1970s I owned an old Danish-made wooden Amphibicon sloop (with rusty keel bolts) for

a few years when I lived near Solomon's Island, Maryland. My second sloop was a 19' trailerable West Wight Potter, purchased new in 1994. I sold the boat to the first caller in January 1995 and began looking for a heavier, non-trailerable sailboat. After looking at numerous used fin keel modern boats, nothing seemed to attract me.

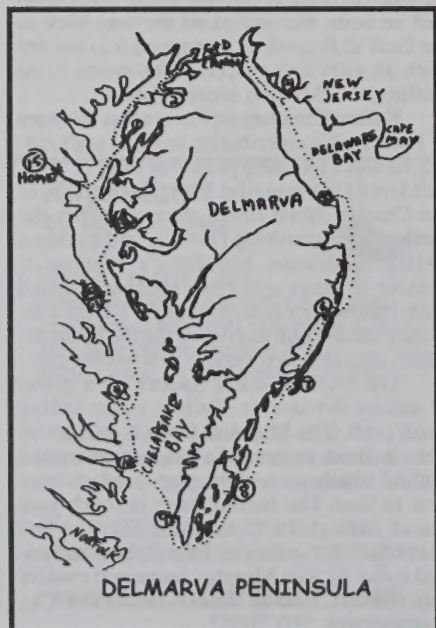
Then I laid eyes on the Bayfield. I knew instantly that she would be my next boat. Her classic design with solid fiberglass, a 1300-lb. ballasted full keel, and the bowsprit with scrolled teak trim told me that this was the boat for me. She even came with a logbook kept from the time the boat was new, complete with engine hours, which were low for a 1978 boat. Even after the circumnavigation, the Yanmar 1-cylinder, 8 hp diesel has only about 500 hours on it. The Bayfield was up for the winter in a marina yard two rivers south of Annapolis when I found her. She had not been upgraded over the years. When I got into getting her in shape to bring home to Round Bay, numerous items had to be completed.

For instance, while cleaning out the aluminum fuel tank located in the keel it was discovered, after putting in five gallons of clean fuel, that the bottom of the tank was corroded and all the fuel leaked out into the bilges. So an 11.5-gallon plastic fuel tank was installed in the cockpit storage compartment under a seat hatch. A RACOR fuel filter was installed, along with changing the engine fuel filter and water pump impeller and a few hoses. I also installed a new fathometer. The sail home in March of 1995 went very well; however, when I arrived at the marina in Round Bay, I removed the engine hatch to check the engine while it was still running and discovered that the muffler had rusted through and was pumping water into the bilges. Besides those repairs to the engine, the only other item of engine repair was to replace a rusted exhaust manifold just prior to the April 2001 launching.

Of course, there were about \$6000 worth of other upgrades over the last few years of the 20th century, including a dodger/bimini, solar panel, cushion re-covering, folding Portabote dinghy, not to mention a handheld Garmin GPS12, an auto-tiller, and a portable marine radio.

The Bayfield sleeps four people and draws 2'11" draft. She has a roller furling genoa, a working jib, and a conventional main sail which requires going to the mast to raise and lower the main. Her fiberglass construction is in like new condition, however, the white gel coat was faded and dead and nothing I did brought it back to life. I had in mind to change the color anyway, so perhaps I wished an early death on it. A few years ago, my son and I painted the hull midnight blue with red and gold trim and the deck and cabin a light blue. The teak scroll on the bowsprit was painted a metallic blue with red and wood scroll and trim. What a classic look! Oh, the transom is painted with CETOL Marine teak treatment and, from a distance, looks like it is made from wood. The *Sandee Lee*, like her namesake, my wife, is a real head turner!

If you are not familiar with the Chesapeake Bay area, you may be wondering what the Delmarva Peninsula is. Maryland and Virginia occupy the western shore of the Chesapeake Bay. The eastern shore of the bay is occupied by Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia and actually became an island when the C and D Canal was cut to make a deep water pas-



sage between the Delaware River and the northern Chesapeake Bay. It was never called an island, but rather the Delaware/Maryland/Virginia (Delmarva) Peninsula. Therefore, because of the C&D Canal, Delmarva can be circumnavigated. My circumnavigation proved to be 458 nautical miles in 15 days solo. This is the journal of that voyage during May of 2001.

I planned to stay aboard the *Sandee Lee* most of the time during the voyage, so enough supplies had to be stowed aboard for a 30-day trip, just in case the weather did not cooperate. I have only a single burner butane canister stove and a built-in ice box. Traditionally, on my overnight trips on the Bay, I ate microwaveable Dinty Moore dishes and small microwaveable pastas and clam chowders, small chocolate puddings, and chocolate cookies for deserts.

"This trip was to be no exception as I laid in a month's supply of my traditional "boat food." I am basically a water drinker with an evening Coke a day. I froze a dozen 16-oz. bottles of spring water to put in the ice box and bought about six gallon jugs of spring water. In addition to the installed 7-gallon water tank for the sink, I brought along two 5-gallon collapsible water jugs to refill the water tank. The 11.5-gallon diesel fuel tank was supplemented with two 5-gallon plastic containers of additional fuel so I would not have to worry about consuming too much fuel and running short if the wind proved to be less than cooperative.

Additional supplies included enough AA batteries to power the handheld GPS for a month, batteries for flashlights, and a portable AM/FM radio for pleasure listening. I also had a portable marine radio with all the needed marine frequencies to supplement the installed antique VHF, which came with the boat. If the charge ran out on the rechargeable batteries, I could use the AA batteries I brought to power the battery-hungry GPS unit.

Circumnavigation itinerary at home for wife to use for safety.



Safety Considerations

I prepared a two-page cheat sheet for each day of the voyage to indicate at a glance the "from and to," the number of miles, and the page numbers from the chart book I would need for the day. Additionally, each chart page indicated the next chart to use. For my trip safety person at home (my wife Sandee), I printed out the voyage, complete with waypoints and routes, from the PC GPS program and taped together the pages to place on a door in the kitchen. The display took up a third of the door and included a complete description of the boat to give to the Coast Guard if I failed to report in each evening.

I also printed out from the Fifth Coast Guard District website a list of addresses, phone numbers, and geographic location map of each Coast Guard station along my route. I was to call her via cell phone or, if that did not work, via the marine operator, each day after anchoring. Sandee had instructions that if I did not get through to her by 8 AM the next morning, she was to call the Coast Guard with my last known position and next destination.

I also took a copy of the location of the Coast Guard stations and telephone numbers; this would prove to be very helpful during the outside passage when my VHF failed to make contact with the Coast Guard when information was needed to transit an inlet. It is important to emphasize that if I needed to declare a distress, the marine VHF radio channel 16 should be the first place to call a mayday, not the cell phone. Chances are very good that a vessel nearby will also hear the mayday broadcast on channel 16 and respond with a rescue. This would not occur if a cell phone were used. The cell phone should only be used as a backup and for routine communications.

Because I had taught for years the danger of hypothermia and cold water survival techniques, my safety equipment included the cold water survival suit which I had had since 1979, as good as new in its zippered bag. I had demonstrated its use by jumping off the bridge wing of a classroom training ship into the water below every two weeks at the Harry Lundeburg School of Seamanship at Piney Point, Maryland. I developed and taught a revolving two-week water survival course there for four years for merchant mariners.

I also made a 25' mooring line into a makeshift safety harness to wear whenever I went forward while underway; I did not want to shell out the \$90 for a store bought one. Of course, the harness is not much good if the boat is pulling you along behind and you can not pull yourself back aboard because of boat speed, the design of the transom or, more likely, the lack of physical strength in an overboard situation.

Therefore, I rigged a short mooring line tied between the two stern cleats to hang about two-thirds of the way down the transom to aid climbing back aboard. It might be argued that if one lets go of the tiller under sail that the boat would become neutralized and stop. Not so the *Sandee Lee*. She is balanced so as to steer herself under many conditions of sailing and, if under power, I most often would connect the auto-tiller to do the steering, so it is not very likely that my boat would stop or turn around to get me.

I always wore my USCG approved belt inflatable PFD, a habit I have had for years while sailing alone. Additionally, I have always had a Class III PFD vest with two to four

pockets which were filled with small pyrotechnics, a knife, signal mirror, and compass. A whistle attached to the jacket may prove to be a real lifesaver, because in seas where a rescue vessel is searching for a person in the water, a whistle sound travels much further than a weak, tired, and hoarse voice. This jacket was always kept handy in case I had notice that I was about to abandon boat.

I developed such a jacket filled with life saving equipment in the early 1980's while I was serving with the Coast Guard as the Recreational Boating Safety Officer in Puerto Rico and the U.S. Virgin Islands. I gave motivational safety talks to recreational boaters while wearing the PFD and pulling out the lifesaving treasures from each pocket. I also had a complete pyrotechnic kit including a flare gun, pencil flares and handheld flares, of which there were the minimum of three which had not reached their expiration date to satisfy Coast Guard requirements.

Also, I had my 8' Portabote dinghy, folded and secured to the cabin on the port deck. I could never unfold it and install the wooden thwarts and transom support in any kind of a sea, but perhaps there would be time in a calm sea. There was also the cheap yellow inflatable life raft stowed below; this would be easier to inflate in a choppy sea than assembling the folding dinghy. But, if I managed to grab the cold water survival suit before the boat went under, it can be donned while in the water, clothes, shoes, and all, and it keeps the wearer warm and afloat. The suit was handy from the cockpit in the aftermost stowage seat hatch aft of the tiller.

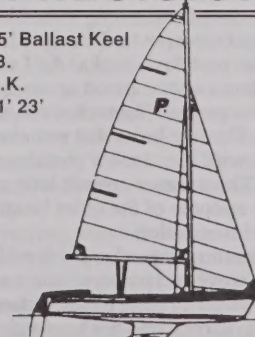
Of course, if this were a long distance ocean voyage, an automatic inflatable life raft canister on deck as well as an EPIRB (Electronic Position Indicating Radio Beacon) would be necessary equipment. Tremendous advances have been made in this age of satellite positioning and communications to enhance EPIRB and radio distress calls if modern electronics are installed on the boat.

Then there is first aid equipment. My boat carried a small cheap first aid kit plus a larger sealed waterproofed kit taken from one of the old shipboard life raft canisters, which I had the privilege of inflating in a swimming pool during my days as water survival instructor. These old first aid kits from ship life rafts carried pretty extensive items to aid emergency medical treatment. I hope I never have to break the seals to identify what is in this old kit.

(To Be Continued)

PRECISION

New 15' Ballast Keel
15' C.B.
16'-'' B.K.
18' - 21' 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE

Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

"Uneventful!"

This one word crossed my mind as I planned the return trip from Nantucket.

"Please make this journey, uneventful."

Yet, as often occurs when messing about, the sea gods were about to concoct a little mystery that still causes the hairs to stand up on my neck upon remembrance.

My family and I had spent the last few weekends of Indian Summer exploring the nooks and crannies offered up by the coastlines of Nantucket Sound. From Monomoy Island to the east, the south Cape to the north, and Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard to the south, our old Crosby catboat, *Buckrammer*, had carried "the little family" on a half-dozen pleasant adventures. As anyone who has gunkholed in these waters knows, early fall offered uncrowded, warm water sailing with Mr. Sun still high enough in the sky to keep daylight and weather conditions nearly perfect.

My family would hitch a ride with a Cape-bound friend or two each Friday evening and rendezvous with the Old Bucket in the harbor where she had been left the previous Sunday. Not having to return to our home port of Westport, Massachusetts, each weekend allowed us to explore an area otherwise inaccessible to a crew that, at this stage of our life, could only get away one weekend at a time.

Towards the last week of October, a long anticipated but nevertheless sudden, chilly turn in the weather called a halt to our extended summer idle. The random journey that had taken us all over the Sound ended on that last family Sunday, with *Buckrammer* in Nantucket Harbor with nowhere to go but home for the winter.

The following weekend found me outward bound from Hyannis (Cape Cod) aboard the Nantucket ferry *Kioah*. Since Conway family members are not cold weather sailors (except dad), I would have the somewhat dubious honor of single-handing the old bucket over the hopefully "uneventful" 50 or so miles back to Westport. In other words, if everything worked according to plan, I might be able to reach homeport in a few days.

An Ill Wind Blows...To Advantage

The weather forecast predicted several days of fair weather with light to moderate southwesterlies, conditions typical for the Sound at this time of year. If the forecast held, this trip would be a delight.

Dusk had begun to settle in as the ferry reached the municipal pier just around the bend of Brant Point and its famous light. In a flash, I bounded down the gangplank and jogged over to the South Street docks where, thanks to the kindness of some long-time Nantucket friends, *Buckrammer* had been allowed to berth for the past few weeks. As I unlocked the cabin doors and scanned around, I recall thinking how perfect Nantucket can be in the off-season. The few boats that remained fit in seamlessly with the dock's picturesque surroundings. The summer crowds long gone, all seemed the epitome of the quiet Nantucket of everyone's imagination.

After rattling around in the food locker, I fired up the stove and prepared some supper. I chowed down on a filling meal of clam chowder, oyster crackers, and hot tea (with a touch of milk and honey), then turned in as the boat gently rocked me to sleep; very nice indeed.

Saturday dawned as promised by the weathermen, crisp, clear and 35 degrees cold

Encounter in Tarpaulin Cove A Buckrammer Mystery

By John E. Conway

with a light breeze blowing towards the mainland. A quick breakfast of coffee, juice, and hot shredded wheat (pour boiling water over the shredded wheat, drain, add milk and sugar to taste) got the old ticker going and before long *Buckrammer* and her solo skipper were underway, more or less westward bound.

The planned itinerary would take me north by northwest out of Nantucket Harbor, across Tuckernuck, Shovelful, Long, and Hawes shoals in Nantucket Sound on a vector for East Chop on Martha's Vineyard. From there, *Buckrammer* would shift more westerly and enter Vineyard Sound just off of West Chop (Vineyard Haven). With luck, the outgoing tide in Vineyard Sound would give the old girl an extra two knot boost and this, coupled with that great, beam-reaching sou'wester, would have me within striking distance of Menemsha Pond or Tarpaulin Cove by late afternoon of the first day. From either location, I could fetch up Westport within five or six hours on the second day.

For the first leg of the trip, the weather actually co-operated.

As *Buckrammer* rounded the harbor exit around 6AM, that wonderful light to moderate wind, so comforting and alluring at the mooring, decided to build into a bit of a howler. In no time, as we transited the coasts of Tuckernuck and Muskeget Islands, the increasing southwesterly conspired with the outgoing tide to crank up conditions perfect for a vintage Cape Cod catboat. The digital knotmeter read a steady 5.4 knots. At this rate, we might reach Westport in a single day. Yo Rinny!

We rounded East Chop shortly before noon and entered Vineyard Sound shortly thereafter. Unfortunately, the outgoing tide and the incoming wind, unlike in Nantucket Sound, had turned Vineyard Sound into a veritable Mixmaster set on puree. Not really wishing to pound my 90-plus-year-old woodpile through 10 miles of Vineyard Sound head on, I pondered several options; turn back to Vineyard Haven or shoot over to Tarpaulin Cove in the Elizabeth Islands. Caution mixed with a desire for some forward progress made the Cove a logical choice. So I spun the helm over to 270 degrees. This set a course that would bring a wet, but unpounded, *Buckrammer* into safe harbor by mid-afternoon. So much for trying to reach Westport in one day.

A Cove by Any Other Name

Situated on the eastern shore of Naushon Island, Tarpaulin Cove has provided a harbor of refuge for countless centuries. Its strategic position at the northern approach to the Sound served and continues to serve as a natural staging area for ships either awaiting the change of tide or holed up against southwest gales. It is said that, prior to the construction of the Cape Cod Canal, when Vineyard Sound acted as the gateway to the port of Boston to the north and Nantucket and the open Atlantic and Europe to the east, as many as 60 vessels might

simultaneously lay over there.

Except for the almost constant, wind-blown spray across the cockpit (very cold), the broad reach across the sound towards the cove proved "uneventful." In fact, even with two reefs tied into *Buckrammer's* large gaff sail, and with the gaff boom scandalized to boot (i.e., the gaff boom slightly lowered on a tightened topping lift spills air and reduces sail power), the boat still averaged 5-plus knots. Good old Charlie Crosby knew a thing about designing a cat. By 2PM *Buckrammer* entered into the lee of Naushon and, engine engaged, motorsailed into the Cove to wait out the blow.

It has always amazed me how fast situations can change in this nautical game. One minute *Buckrammer*, *Splinter* (our tender), and I were snoring along, spray flying and a bone in our teeth, the next, almost becalmed in a snug cove. Fascinating! Anyhoo, with things under control, we pottered about and found a suitable spot to set the for the night about 250 yards off of the "south hook" (near the old lighthouse on the south-most side of the cove) in about 25' of water with excellent holding ground.

With the exception of the southern-most island, Cuttyhunk, the Elizabeth Islands are private property and mostly undisturbed. In a few locations on the private islands, Tarpaulin Cove being one, the owners allow visiting boaters to use and explore the almost virgin, white sandy beaches. Since the fates has cast me upon one of the prettiest spots in New England, it seemed only appropriate that I should take the opportunity to row ashore and explore a bit. I whipped up a couple of peanut butter and raspberry jam sandwiches, threw them, a few crisp Macoun apples, and a bottle of Perrier into my knapsack, hauled myself, lunch, and an old beach blanket into the *Splinter* and headed towards land.

Splinter scrunched into the sand at the water's edge. I jumped out and had her pulled up on the strand and anchored, all without getting my feet wet. Though I hadn't been ashore at Tarpaulin Cove for over 10 years, a quick look around confirmed that the place had not changed one iota, as they say. I had made land a few miles above an historic spot known as the French Watering Place, a freshwater spring often used by the old-timers to replenish their water casks during a layover in the cove. I thought that it would be fun to hike south along the shore of the cove to see if the "hole" (actually a small lake) still held water. This would also serve as a quiet place to eat lunch and take a nap. To cut to the chase, the hole was still there, lunch was great, and before long I lay stretched out in the sun atop the old blanket sawing zzz's.

It took the setting sun to rouse me out of what had become a very deep sleep. In fact, almost two hours had passed since lunchtime and the rapidly dropping temperature served as an effective, if frosty, alarm clock. I gathered up my stuff, headed up the beach to the *Splinter* and before long found myself back aboard *Buckrammer*.

My old Crosby catboat is blessed with a number of antique appliances capable of heating the cabin. The most efficient, low duty chill chasers are the two old gimbaled Perko oil lamps. Designed to provide light, they also throw off enough heat to keep the berth area reasonably toasty. However, with the forecast predicting near-freezing temperatures for that

evening, I felt it was best to fall back on heating gadget number two, *Buckrammer's* Shipmate coal stove. Once this little beauty is fired up (see Herreshoff's wonderful book *The Complete Boater*, pp. 102 to 103 for detailed instructions), you could literally melt lead with the heat produced, and it also cooks dinner fairly well in the bargain.

After a filling meal of beef stew with Shipmate-baked corn bread and a few hours spent catching up on some reading, I decided to turn in around 10PM in order to get a jump on things at sunrise. The forecast called for diminishing winds from the southwest shifting to northwest by late morning. This would virtually guarantee my arrival in Westport by mid to late afternoon. Little did I suspect that my journey to homeport would take me on a close encounter with the Twilight Zone.

On Little Cat's Feet

Probably due to the fact that I had already slept most of the day away (or was it the stew), my early, nighttime sleep suffered numerous fits and starts. I woke up at 11PM, then again at 11:30, but quickly went back asleep each time.

A little past midnight a loud noise off to starboard jolted me upright in my bunk. It seemed like the sound that I would imagine heavy chain makes spilling on a concrete floor. I hopped out of bed, slid back the doghouse roof, and looked off into the night.

Nothing could be seen but ... fog! Fog?

Somehow, over the last few hours a "so thick you could cut it with a knife" fog had moved in. How thick? Well, from the doghouse stairs, I could not make out *Buckrammer's* glowing masthead anchor light a mere 25' or so aloft. Worse, the fog completely obscured the chain-rattling noisemaker, whatever it was.

As suddenly as it had started, the sound stopped and a shrouded silence descended on the scene.

For about 10 minutes I craned my ears listening for any hint of an abnormal sound. Except for the ripple of water against the hull and a touch of wind slap in the halyards, the atmosphere revealed nary a peep.

I recall thinking that perhaps a large boat had anchored off near me somewhere in the misty dark. This might explain the sound as that of several fathoms of anchor chain spilling through a hawser pipe. It also struck a note that it would be prudent to hoist a radar reflector off the pennant halyard as a precaution. If Tarpaulin Cove was about to entertain additional visiting BIG boats, it would be comforting to know that their electronics knew that I was here. So I dug out the reflector, secured it at the mast truck, took one last look and listen around, climbed into my bunk, and eased back into my cozy down sleeping bag.

Sleep came quickly but was yet again punctuated by starts and stops. (Maybe it WAS the stew). All manner of strange dreams came and went. In one I recall sitting on *Buckrammer's* bowsprit watching people on a crowded old schooner next to me eating dinner from white china then licking the plates clean upon finishing. In another, I remember standing beside an old steam railroad engine then choking on the sooty, black coal smoke that began to billow from the funnel. In a third, I found myself on some sort of boat as it ran aground on a sandy beach in a snowstorm whereupon about a dozen appeared on deck only to jump overboard and wade ashore.

Dawn came none too quickly, but come it finally did. I lay awake under the covers stealing myself to brave getting dressed. The Shipmate stove had burned through its load during the night and the cabin temperature had dropped somewhere into low 40s territory. After about an hour of cogitation, around 7AM, I unzipped the bag, and quickly threw on my clothes, along with an extra sweater. Brrrrr! Gawd! I hate cold, damp mornings.

After washing up and shaving, I opened the cabin's louvered doors, once again slid back the doghouse roof, and stepped out into the cockpit. The fog seemed to have lifted a tad but had coated every surface with great beads of moisture during the night.

"Nothing that a cup of coffee and a warm breakfast wouldn't fix," I mused.

About 10 minutes later, coffee and hot shredded wheat in hand, I dried off the helmsman's seat with a towel, parked my posterior, and began breakfast.

Then the weirdness happened.

Things That Go Bump...

The actual encounter began with the distinct but not altogether unpleasant smell of burning coal.

At first I figured that some rogue anthracite in my Shipmate stove had somehow sparked its way back to life. However, a quick check of the firebox showed all was dead cold. Nevertheless, the smell grew more intense by the minute.

On coming back into the cockpit, I noticed that the towel used to wipe off the seat was blackened with soot on the side used to do the wiping. A closer inspection revealed the grime to be coal soot, heavy coal soot. In fact, as I went to examine the seat further, it dawned on me that a dusting of soot and micro-cinders lightly covered the entire deck and cabin top.

"Where the heck did this mess come from," I muttered. "No wonder I had dreamed of steam locomotives. *Buckrammer* looked like she had moored next to a particularly smoky one."

Things got weirder.

Some sounds arose, new sounds. Not the rattling of chains sounds as during the night, but sounds more like the clinking of glasses and silverware when loading a dishwasher. These came low at first but grew gradually louder.

The downright creepiness of these disembodied sounds floating out of the view-blocking fog caused me to shudder. It was the kind of shudder that one experiences when pulling cotton out of an aspirin bottle or when someone runs their fingers down a blackboard; the kind of chill my family has long called a winky-tink. Many winky-tinks were about to follow.

The voices started.

Many voices, fragmented voices, voices of men and women, barely perceptible at first, but also growing ever louder. Soon, if I strained my hearing, I could make out bits and pieces.

"Mind the child..."

"Mr Smith, out with ya."

"(Something)...Captain...turn the (something)," and so on.

This continued for about five minutes, then it all died away as the fog once again thickened and blanketed *Buckrammer*. In the interval, my coffee, shredded wheat, and blood had all grown cold. I pondered the experience.

The clinking and voices by themselves

provided the signature of a large yacht anchored nearby, although the experts often comment on how the fog can play distance tricks with sound. The people on this unseen boat had probably just finished breakfast and must be cleaning up prior to departing. Hmmm. But the coal smell and cinders threw a curve, not too many coal-burning boats out there. Then again, maybe this mystery boat had the world's largest Shipmate stove. Hmmm. Another thing bothered me. Today's sounds emanated from the port side of my boat, not the starboard side of last night. Anyway, trust me when I say that together, the fog, smells, noises, voices, and direction change plus the lack of a companion conspired to totally unseat my nerves.

For a brief moment I toyed with the thought of yelling something akin to "who goes there?" But with my luck, this would only alert what would prove to be blood-thirsty, drug-running neighbors to my presence. I decided that discretion was indeed the better part of valor and clammed up.

A breeze picked up, the fog thinned and, to the east, things began to brighten.

"Thank goodness," I remember thinking. "I'll finally get a chance to see what's out there."

Sure enough, within minutes the fog had lifted enough so that, if I looked out of my eye's corners, a shape could be discerned about 100 yards off of the starboard quarter. One hundred yards! Whatever vessel this was it had anchored uncomfortably close to my old bucket.

The fog continued to back away.

Slowly, eerily, the retreating mist revealed the faint outline of a large, two-masted schooner, which I thought that I recognized as the famous *Shenendoah* out of Vineyard Haven. Through the brightening air, I could just pick out the silhouettes of people walking about on deck. So much for drug-runners.

Encouraged by the view, I cupped my hands around my mouth and shouted "Hello!" No response. I tried again at the top of my lungs.

"Ship to starboard, hello." Still no response. Hmmm.

Then, like a dope slap on the side of the head, it struck me to pull out the air horn and give my fog-bound companion a loud blast, which I did. It worked like a charm. Though the fog still obscured most of the other vessel's image, I could make out that *Buckrammer's* blast had clearly alerted several people of my presence as several came over to the boat's rail and peered in my direction. Within a few seconds, a shape that suggested the ship's captain or first officer came to the rail, lifted an old-fashioned megaphone to his lips and yelled in an amazingly clear voice, "Ahoy vessel to port. What ship be ye and whence and wither?" You can imagine my surprise when, as I cupped my hands around my mouth to reply, high above my head a deep voice bellowed something like, "We be the City (something) ...Bus out of...Austin, bound for (something). What ship be ye?"

Swiveling about to locate the source of the hail, I nearly jumped out of my skin.

There, to my port, not 15' away, was the solid, black side of a rivet-fastened steamship towering astern, astern, and above my little cat-boat. The thing was so large and the fog so heavy that I could not make out her bow, stem or caprail, just this 20' x 20' segment of hull perilously close to mine.

Frozen in dumbfoundedness, I heard the "little schooner" to starboard reply, "We be the Luna...(something)...One day out of (somewhere) bound for (somewhere) with (something)...ballast."

No sooner did this dialog take place then, as if on cue, the wind picked up and the fog swirled in thicker than ever, obscuring everything beyond *Buckrammer's* rubrails. All went still.

Quickly, concern for my safety overcame the amazement of the situation. If the freighter or ferry or whatever beside me decided to shift a tad to starboard, *Buckrammer*, *Splinter*, and Captain Conway could be squished like bugs. I sprang to the VHF radio, turned to channel 16 and sent out a message something like, "This is the catboat *Buckrammer*, this is the catboat *Buckrammer* hailing any vessel anchored in Tarpaulin Cove. Come in vessels in Tarpaulin Cove." Despite dozens of retries, no ship responded to my call. I tried channels 9 and 10, channels often used by local harbor masters in this part of the world. Nothing! Wondering if the damn thing was even working, I hailed the Westport Harbor master. Nothing! I asked for anyone to provide a radio check. Nothing! I switched to my handheld VHF and repeated the whole process. Nothing!

So much for technology.

What to do?

Trembling with fear, I decided to haul anchor and motor closer to the fog-shrouded

shore on a compass and depth sounder directed course. My logic went this way. The shore lay about 250 yards to the south and west. I would follow the compass in all the while watching the sounder. *Buckrammer* draws only about 2' with her board up. When the sounder indicated about 5', I would set the anchor and settle down. There was no way that either the schooner or the bigger ship could operate in the shallows.

With the engine ticking over, I weighed anchor. Slowly I reversed toward the beach, ever mindful of the unseen mass just off of my starboard side. For a brief moment I believe that I caught another glimpse of the large vessel's side or rudder, but this could well have been my somewhat stressed imagination. Anyway, within a few minutes, I had maneuvered my little boat out of harm's way and into the shallows.

To settle my nerves, I somehow managed to boil up some water for tea. With a stout cuppa in hand, I parked myself on a cockpit cushion and waited to see what new treat nature had in store. Within moments, I again fell sound asleep.

I found myself waking up under crystal blue skies completely alone in the vastness of the Cove, *not even a toothpick of a boat in site*. Had the whole thing been a dream? Clearly my boat was now very close to shore, but had its anchor dragged or did I move it to avoid a collision? And how did I get into the cockpit with an empty mug in my hand.

Son of a gun.

A cool but not too cold zephyr built from the north. Soon it freshened into the perfect breeze for a catboat to leverage homeward to Westport. For perhaps, the second time in the day, I weighed anchor and, to make along story short, by sunset found myself snug on our mooring off of Westport Point, a little shaken and glad to be back to reality.

Epilog

Over the months that followed, I tried every means I could think of to identify the vessels that, I believe, holed up with me in the Cove that night. Let's leave it to say that no agency or enterprise queried knew of any vessels matching my descriptions operating near or about Tarpaulin Cove the weekend of October 30/31. Frustrated with all of the attempts, I threw in the sponge and let the hunt fade away until...

Over small talk at a friend's 50th birthday party in late winter, I repeated my tale of Tarpaulin Cove. One individual there, Steve Wexler, a dot-com company executive, approached me after desert.

"I couldn't help overhearing your story and have an idea as to how you might solve the mystery of what ships kept you company that night."

"I'm all ears," I replied.

Several other party-goers gathered around.

Steve continued, "Why don't you conduct an internet search using the name of the cove and the word fragments you heard during the cross hailing? Maybe you'll get lucky and hit a combo that points you in the right direction."

The birthday boy, Larry Maynard, suggested we use his computer and conduct the experiment here and now.

"Sounds good to me," I chuckled.

In a short time a small group had assembled in Larry's home office to see what might shake. We tried numerous combos without much success. Either we struck thousands of "hits" on totally unrelated topics or returned with "no matches to your request" errors.

On the verge of giving up, we entered the combo something like:

Tarpaulin Cove + city + bus + luna + fog

For this sequence, only one hit returned, namely:

"Shipwrecks of Vineyard Sound"

One of the group sounded a low whistle. Somewhat taken aback, we navigated the site, a web page for scuba divers visiting Massachusetts. In the descriptors, we found reference to two disasters of long ago, the wreck of the *City of Columbus* on Devil's Bridge just across from Tarpaulin Cove (sank November 23, 1882, over 100 deaths) and the wreck of the lime coaster, *Lunet*, lost in the cove itself (caught fire and sank, April, 13, 1898, 12 deaths).

Larry looked up from his computer screen at me, Steve, and the other guests.

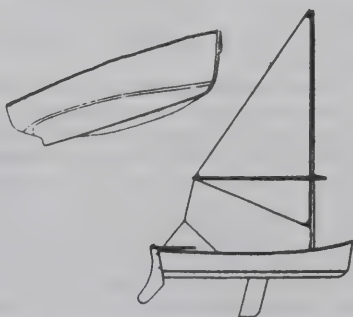
"You don't think...?"

Steve observed, "Well, John did say this happened on the last day in October, right?"

Larry rejoined, "So?"

Removing his glasses, Steve whispered, "Halloween!?"

KITTERY POINT TENDER

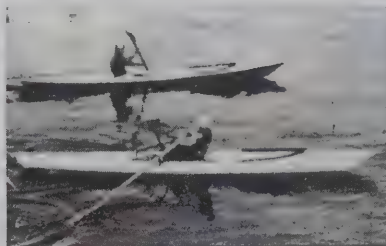


10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Two Rowing Stations
Row & Sail Models

BAY MAINE BOATS

Gooch's Beach, P.O. Box 631
Kennebunkport, ME 04046
(207) 967-4461

Wing Systems Touring Shell The 1 Boat Fleet



A breakthrough in performance, versatility, safety and value. Wing's Touring Shell converts in minutes from a single or double rowing shell into a single or double touring kayak. Easy enough for a child to handle, fast on smooth water, safe in open water. Cartop it anywhere. Touring Shell with one Plantedosi RoWing - \$2,035, Touring Shell as single kayak - \$1,675. Order directly for free shipping. Or call for more information and dealers.

Wing Systems
P.O. Box 568, Dept. 2A3
Oyster Bay, NY 11711
For Orders: (516) 922-2655 Collect

Go Buy Yourself a Chart

Only the names in this tale have been changed to protect the innocent. The use of "innocent" here refers to greenhorns and amateurs with a lot to learn.

The day began bright and clear in the little landlocked harbor. A fleet of lobster boats jammed most of the available space and threatened to jostle each other as the tide changed at regular intervals. In this crowd, a few pleasure boats swung on guest moorings near the gas docks.

The crew of *Chinook* turned out of their bunks one at a time, space not permitting privacy for more than one to wash and dress without somebody having to get out on deck. By 8:30 AM on the Sunday before Labor Day, our skipper still gets embarrassed over the events which are about to be revealed.)

As the boat threaded its way out through the moored lobster boats, he saw (he firmly believes) one of the lobster boats leave the harbor and go to the starboard side of the spindle at the harbor mouth. Reasoning that where a big lobsterman could go, a not-so-large catboat could follow, throttle was advanced and the Gray Marine revved up a little.

You may have guessed that our crew of innocents was headed for calamity. You are right. On the chart, that confounded spindle was marked as a can buoy. As we reached a point opposite the spindle, there came a jolt and a grinding noise. The whole bow section rose out of the water. We were hard aground on the ledge. Reversing the engine did absolutely no good. It soon became apparent that our plight would get worse with the ebbing tide.

In a short time a group of local lads with outboards tried to tow us off. There were at least four of them. To no avail. Then a large commercial fisherman headed out in an effort to dislodge us with his wake. Still no luck. Then the big fisherman returned and heaved a line aboard us. I made it fast to my mainmast. He then gunned his engine. We came off the ledge all right, but the side thrust on our rudder broke the tiller stock at the point where it entered the transom. Except for not having steering, we were in fair shape.

Eventually the boys with the outboards towed us in to the gas dock. Then the skipper digs into his pocket for all the spare cash he can find and even borrows some from a son to reward the kids.

The tale does not end yet. There is much more to tell, although it might better be forgotten. Well, confession is supposed to be good for the soul. By this time, a group of local gentry had gathered on the deck beside the floating dock and restaurant. One by one, they all peered down at *Chinook* and crew (wife, two stalwart sons, and pup dog). Then they shuffled back to their tobacco spitting and whittlin'.

Finally, one man sauntered over and seemed willing to talk. This was the opening I had been waiting for. "Looks like you got a mite o' trouble there," he ventured.

"I sure have. Do you know of anyone here who can make an emergency repair so I might get out of here before too long?"

"Well, there's a feller name of Bill Bodge. He lives on the point over there, about two miles by road. If he's home and sober, which ain't likely, he might give you a hand. I'll drive you over, if you like, and you can ask him."

I agreed readily. Any port in a storm. On

Waterlogged Conclusion

By Harold Taylor

the way, we passed the driver's home, where he pointed out his pride and joy, a Model T pickup in mint condition with gleaming black finish. Then my driver said, "When we get to Bodge's place we better stay in the car. He keeps a pack of German Shepards and it might be better not to surprise 'em."

Just then we pulled into a yard and I could see what he meant. There was indeed a pack of shepards, five of them. They raised quite a clamor and stalked about our car with hackles raised and rumbling in their throats, not the neighborly type.

Finally, a figure arose from a pile of old lumber and lobster crates. He drifted toward us, sort of floating on what turned out to be a cloud of spiritus frumenti. Stubby of build, potbelly, protruding red eyes, he greeted us cautiously.

My friend explained the situation to him. He considered the problem and finally said, "Well, I'll come over to the harbor and take a look. Bein' Sunday 'n all, I gut a friend here I promised I'd help with a jug of cider, don'cha know, but my gory, I hate ta see ennybuddy in trouble. I'll be over after a spell."

With some misgivings on my part, we drove back to the harbor. My crew settled down to wait. And wait we did. It was now 10:30 AM. The sun was hot as we sat in the cockpit. I was wishing for a few carpenter's tools, but I had none with me. After some time my wife prepared sandwiches. Then the dog fell overboard trying to get to a swimming gull. Tourists gawked, several boats approached hoping to transact business, and left in disgust. We felt more sheepish by the minute. Imagine a busy waterfront on a good tourist weekend, business greatly hindered all because of a catboat with a busted steering apparatus.

At about 2:00 we were running out of optimism for this day when we heard a clatter as a battered pickup drove onto the dock planks. Bodge slowly emerged from the truck and sort of floated toward the gangway. His unsteadiness on land did not hamper him when he made his way down the steep incline of the gangway. After inspecting the rudder, he grunted something about "got to get muh tools" and went back to the truck. As the truck disappeared, our hopes went with it.

Who says miracles don't happen? In a half-hour he was back with a couple pieces of oak cut roughly to size. While somebody plugged an extension cord to an outlet on the dock, he trudged to the head of the gangway, arms laden with tools, among which an electric drill with a long wood bit was very prominent.

For us to go either way on the gangway we needed to grab the rails to use the steep ramp. For Bill Bodge, it seemed no problem, loaded down as he was both inside and out. His Sunday guest was with him to help on the project. They discussed, for a bit, how to proceed.

Using C-clamps, they placed oak splints on both sides of the broken tiller arm. Then

Bill revved up his electric drill. He leaned over the transom for the drilling job, and we were horrified to see one arm and shoulder and half of the whirling drill underwater horizontally.

Along with other spectators, we expected to see Bill electrocuted. He continued until three bolt holes had been drilled. Finally Bodge straightened up. Holding the still running drill, and visibly trembling, he exclaimed "xczwq*****! That thing is all alive." "Whew!" (From all of us).

Now it was necessary to find a shim for the worm gear so the cogs on the wheel shaft would mesh properly again. This was duly accomplished by use of a shingle cut to fit. About this time, I began to worry about the budget and wondered if Bodge would accept a check. I was nearly out of cash from paying off the out-boarders. "How much do I owe you, Mr. Bodge?"

"Well, let's see...fifty-six cents for bolts 'n washers. The wood ain't worth much. Gimme a dollar 'n a half."

I dug out my last five bucks and a half-full bottle of something we had stored away. Can you imagine anybody giving up two hours on a Sunday afternoon and doing all that work to do a kindness for pleasure boat people?


Once again, we were ready to go to sea, so I went up to the dock's owner to pay and thank him for tying up his facilities. His good natured, but barbed remark was, "You've had enough trouble for one day. Go buy yourself a chart."



Explore
Narrow Waters
with Dee Carstarphen
www.peninkpress.com
ph / fax 804-580-8723
amazon.com

Pen & Ink Press, P.O. Box 235
Wicomico Church, VA 22579

ANNOUNCEMENT
BART
HAUTHAWAY
BOATS ARE BACK
Lightweight Fiberglass



28lb Rob Roy
Double Paddle Canoe
Contact
CAL-TEK KAYAKS
P.O. Box 202
Kingston, MA 02364
(781) 585-5666
www.erols.com/cal-tekengineering

RUSHTON CLASSICS
19-LB TO 29-LB MODELS

"The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes." Marcel Proust

Rowing long distances was once an ordinary thing to do. Yet it now seems the notion of travelling by oar power is at best novel, and by many estimates, a masochistic endeavour. Recently I toured through the Gulf Islands in a Gloucester Light Dory. The boat is an amazing design, a 15' 6" beauty built essentially from only three sheets of plywood (yes, I've heard all the jokes about three sheets to the wind). There is an axiom about boat design which says: "If it looks good, it works good," and this little wooden wonder is very pretty from every angle.

My wife and I had just sold our beloved offshore cutter, and I was designing our ultimate cruising yacht when I suddenly found myself waiting for major surgery and unable to work for a living. My health had crashed, my finances followed. Our sailing dreams were on hold, indefinitely. After the surgery I felt even worse than before. Loitering miserably around local marinas, I glumly wondered what life had in store and ached for my old life afloat.

The ad was one of those that flutter from marina bulletin boards with little rip-off phone numbers: "Gloucester Light Dory For Sale." On impulse, I bought it at first sight, rough edges, leaks and all. I began the epoxying, painting, and additional touches which would make the dory uniquely mine, all the while struggling with my faltering stamina.

When first launched, the dory seemed skittish, tippy and delicately vulnerable to every breeze. Discouraged, I reasoned that the dory would make a lovely planter. On the other hand, she responded nimbly to any touch of oar and accelerated eagerly with a few easy pulls. We soon became accustomed to each other's quirks and I developed a new criteria for my next yacht. It was a fantasy about a schooner large enough to nest the dory on deck.

I made rowing every day, at first for an hour, then two, then three, in calm water and in rough, out to Five Finger Island and back, again and again. My stamina and trust in the boat slowly increased. Impatiently, I grudgingly accepted that despite my new bionics I was not ever going to feel as frisky as I had hoped. The cardiologist became glassy-eyed as I inquired if I might start scuba diving again, and he began to splutter when I promised not to sail offshore single-handed. Not just yet. My old job on the tugs was strictly forbidden. I was depressed, being forced to gybe when I didn't know which new heading was correct.

I decided to go for a long row. With no schedules, nor a need to prove anything, the trip would be a simple, leisurely rowabout. After a very long winter I needed time alone to test my physical and emotional limits. Who was I now, this man with the half-plastic pump?

My office looks out on the ocean and the marine traffic on it. I felt desperately shore-bound. Loaded with provisions and camping gear, the dory seemed minimally adequate. I would see the Gulf Islands from a fresh perspective, the old fashioned way. Although intimate with the area from my years as a tugboatman and sailor, I'd never before rowed further than from ship to shore.

One Sunday morning I waved goodbye to my wife and pulled away to catch an ebb

Rowabout

By Fred Bailey

Reprinted with permission from
Pacific Yachting

tide. The wind rose as I cleared the harbour mouth and passed the Duke Point Ferry Terminal. A 20kt nor'wester had sprung up. Within minutes I found myself rowing desperately in steep, breaking, 3' seas. At first the dory seemed overloaded, but soon proved deserving of its traditional sea-keeping reputation. I was the propulsion and navigator, part of a 400lb cargo in an 80lb boat, but the weight only increased our stability. Despite a freeboard of mere inches, the dory shipped no water and responded agreeably to each oarstroke, surfing happily down the faces of the waves.

There was no turning back. Some boaters drew close to wave encouragement, others pulled away shaking their heads in disbelief. A police boat idled by, its crew curious about a madman rowing along Northumberland Channel about as far as possible from either shore, and in such a brisk wind. However a wind which rises quickly usually soon drops off. I knew the seas would ease as the ebbing tide built in force to run with the breeze.

I plodded one stroke at a time toward the first campsite at Pirate's Cove, still over 10nm away. My confidence in the little plywood boat had risen but I was happy to finally step ashore to unload and pitch my tent. Rowing south, each day's end was planned to coincide with the tide's low slack. I was travelling with a full moon, using the accompanying spring tides to help me on the way.

Of course, riding on the ebb tide meant it was often a major drag to haul the boat above the high water mark. The local semi-diurnal tides had a range of up to 15'. Already bone-weary, the wear and tear of man-handling that dory over the rocky shoreline was devastating. It could be even harder on the boat. I huddled over the camp stove cooking my instant noodle dinner and mused about my quest for bigger and better boats. What the hell had I done? How I regretted selling our comfortable old offshore yacht.

The next day began with a reverse ordeal of launching and loading the boat. Leaving early to take advantage of the tide, once launched I meandered leisurely. Staying close to shore I explored nooks which I had previously bypassed in larger boats. I peeked into an abandoned boathouse, long admired from the water. A nautical shrine, it was filled with boat parts and seasoned lumber...but I was trespassing and left it untouched.

Wildlife seemed less intimidated by my humble passage. Eagles sat in their perches, deer and raccoons on the shoreline ignored my presence, seals emerged close for an inspection. One playfully bumped the bottom of the boat. Otters cavorted nearby, apparently unconcerned about my presence. The only creature of concern was a curious young bull Stellar sea lion. Nearly as long as the boat, his powerful tonnage was a friendly but intimidating mass.

Choosing a good campsite in the Gulf

Islands invariably means stopping at the site of a Native midden. A natural travel corridor for the once numerous coastal aboriginals, this sheltered archipelago was an important clamming and fishing ground. Middens, eons old, abound throughout the area. Often stone arrowheads, scrapers, net weights, trading beads, and other artifacts can be seen by the experienced eye. I once spotted the remains of a dug-out canoe. Petroglyphs are common. Finding a mound or an eroding bank with layers of burned shells and stones indicates an ancient midden, the long-used disposal ground of Native fishers and foragers. Just bear in mind that modern Native people maintain a strong proprietary sense about their traditional territories and their heritage deserves respect. No collecting.

My back was creaking louder than the oarlocks, so by noon I made camp. Progress that day was only four miles but I was content to spend the afternoon resting in one of my favourite places, a long stretch of white shell beach on Valdes Island. I had it all to myself. Everywhere I travelled wildflowers grew in intense, gaudy profusion. In spring the flora bursts out in a lush abundance which all too soon slips away. The Gulf Islands lie in the rainshadow of Vancouver Island and in summer are tinder dry. Some islands are even home to small cacti. Safe drinking water is precious; my heaviest provisions were bottled water.

The days passed quickly, like a dream. Rising before 0400 each morning to catch the beginning of the ebb tide, my world at first light was usually deserted and I often rowed across a glassy sea. The twin lines from my oars swirled, gurgled and stretched out behind me, merging and disappearing in the distance. The rising sun was warm on my back, but spring weather changes quickly. Brisk winds with icy rain often arrived within minutes. The sun would eventually re-emerge, nearly drying me before the next squall struck. I rowed on, the rhythmic dip and pull of the oars as unconscious an effort now as walking.

I contemplated what it must have been like rowing on this coast in times past. The boats of the time were often clumsy, home-made affairs. Some I've seen resembled barnyard feed troughs with crudely pointed ends. Others were beautiful. There were few charts, no tide books, and neither radios nor cellular telephones. The population was sparse; little assistance was available in emergencies. If one travelled alone, and many did, toughness and self-sufficiency were imperative. Today, no matter how hardy solo rowing may seem, one cellular telephone call anywhere would bring rescue within minutes.

Indeed the only problems I encountered were due to people who came too close for one reason or another. One particular character was, well let's just say...memorable! I heard him coming long before I saw him. The twin Detroit diesels in his 60' motoryacht had an unmuffled banshee howl far louder than any workboat. I watched as he terrorized an anchorage at full throttle, then re-emerged to bear down on my heavily-laden dory. He passed within a few fathoms, close enough for me to look up to where he and his partner stood on the flying bridge, disguised in silly hats and sunglasses, oblivious to my frantic rowing. His curling wake was huge, far more severe than from any freighter's or ferry boats. It was the only time that I shipped water during the trip. Bailing furiously, I loudly questioned his an-

cestry.

All the same, I survived to set up my tent on the edge of Conover Cove at Wallace Island. The afternoon slipped by pleasantly while I watched the anchoring antics of a few inept boaters. In all fairness, the bottom of the cove is a layer of thin mud over sandstone, not ideal holding ground. However, an anchor cannot set in any bottom when the rode is vertical and the tide is rising!

The ritual of setting out a stern line seemed to be especially challenging. One sloop backed around the cove for the best part of an hour, frantically plowing up the bottom until the water was muddy. Its two-man crew became increasingly agitated. Each wore a large white hat and a bright pink shirt. Both sprinted urgently between the bow and cockpit, screams of frustration rising throughout their maneuvers. What should have been a simple five-minute drill went on interminably.

Finally as the boat backed toward a ring-bolt on the beach, the anchor still dragging, the Bowman wailed yet again, "Bruce...Bruce we're at the end of our chain." "Well is there a rope tied to it?" came the terse reply. Bruce's shipmate was now disappearing over the bow, and clutching heroically to the bitter end of the chain, his toes hooked in the pulpit railing. "Yes, yes there is. Can I let it out too?"

During the night a squall struck the cove. Most of the yachts weighed anchor and rafted together at the small dock. Early next morning, at first light, a freighter passed the mouth of the cove, its huge wake advancing like a tsunami. The yachts leapt and smashed as the energy of the wake rebounded from the sides of the cove. Tousled heads appeared; curlers, housecoats and pyjamas were on deck to watch as I quietly rowed out of the cove. Did they suspect the wake was from my little yellow boat?

In a few minutes another freighter passed. The chaos was about to repeat itself. Ha! Away from the shore its wake was nothing to me, especially after my encounter with yesterday's powerboat. I rowed southward, riding the fair tide, enjoying the solitude, promising myself to avoid the vexations of popular anchorages for the rest of my trip.

Making random stops at inviting beaches, I rested my backside and stretched my legs, reminding myself that I was on no marathon, had no agenda, and could idle through the day. Around noon I arrived at James Bay on Prevost Island, an uninhabited jewel. It is an idyllic place and I had planned to spend a night. But among the piles of fresh manure in a lovely old orchard was a huge sign, newly erected, forbidding overnight camping, the price of progress, I suppose.

As it turned out, the bay had recently been declared a Provincial Marine Park. I had rowed 10 miles in one morning, nearly half the length of Saltspring Island. With the tide beginning to turn against me, I had to row against the back eddies and building overfalls of Captain Passage, not sure about where I could camp. The scenery passed slowly, but the effort paid off with my arrival at a tiny, private islet at the mouth of Glenelg Pass. Exhausted, I could row no further. Its shores were surrounded with clear, cold swirling water.

Always a thrill, this region is where one first senses and smells the open Pacific, although it is still far away beyond the expanses of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. No larger vessel

could anchor here among the treacherous reefs and swift tidal currents, so I was assured of solitude. Beaching the dory on a thick bank of crushed white shell, I revelled in my good fortune to find such a perfect location. The islet was completely enveloped with a thick, verdant covering of spring blooms.

I was an intruder. It was impossible to walk anywhere without crushing some of that intense foliage. Above this vibrant display, the flesh-coloured trunks of arbutus trees leaned and twisted. Gnarled, ancient Junipers and Garry Oaks completed the lush scene, a perfect little world within the surrounding island-studded ocean. The snow-capped Coast Mountains towered in the east and the Olympic Range loomed to the south. Ancient firs rose high above me while I marvelled that the little island was, as yet, undesecrated.

The placid, rural nature of this archipelago has been greatly changed by a building frenzy over the past decade. Too often, this massive influx of people has only succeeded in bringing the urban blight they had hoped to escape. How often I'd passed this islet, never seeing it like this. I realized sadly that perhaps this too would soon be gone, developed as a monument to someone's personal wealth. The afternoon and evening flowed leisurely, quickly, until, as night fell, a gibbous moon rose over the sparkling waters. Bliss!

In the morning, I checked the weather on my hand-held VHF. The forecast was grim, a gale warning had been posted. Well, of course! A holiday weekend was beginning. I began to experience chest pains, apparently from over-exertion, but resolved to gently row the final leg. My goal was a splendid campground on the southern shore of Saltspring Island. I knew it only from the times I had passed by aboard larger boats, but Ruckles Provincial Park seemed a glorious spot. Arriving on a Thursday I hoped to find an ultimate spot for the weekend.

Once again, I set out in the early morning. Two miles from my destination at Beaver Point, the wind rose and a steep beam sea challenged my progress but I could not give up so close to my goal. I finally arrived, moving my gear and the boat ashore while the few people there still lay asleep in their tents. Then it was my turn to rest and savour the spectacular panorama.

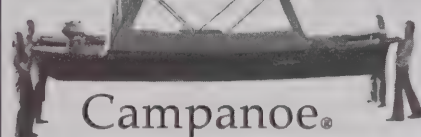
The following day I rowed the final four miles to Fulford Harbour to rendezvous with my wife. We would return together to the Ruckles Park campground, towing the dory aboard its little trailer. It was a warm sunny afternoon, and a powerful thirst had developed by the time I arrived at the Fulford Inn. Pulling the dory ashore one last time, I was soon swilling beer with the locals and partaking of the excellent fare. No doubt my indulgences that afternoon cured any weight loss incurred during the trip.

Fellow drinkers were impressed with the distance I had travelled in six days: 55nm in 23 hours of rowing. By no means an epic voyage, but nevertheless an uncommon endeavour for our modern age. However, oldtimers at the pub recalled that local pioneers had regularly rowed their farm produce to Victoria, a little bit over 30nm with the last stretch out on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, a treacherous body of water for almost any boat. It was certainly a long way to row just to sell some potatoes. The point taken, I was suitably humbled. After all, who was I to row against the wind?

Ultralight Folding Houseboats

19'x8'
200 lbs!

Paddle
Motor & Sail



www.campanoe.net 888-865-3688

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Now our 10th year!

**Would you like to read
more, lots more, about sea
kayaking?**

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker will
bring you 40 pages monthly all
about sea kayaking, 10 times a
year (March through December).

Accounts of Paddling
Adventures
Expedition Reports
Paddling & Rescue Techniques
Wildlife Appreciation
Kayaking People
Equipment Evaluation
Reflection & Insights
Access to the Sea
Kayaks You Build
History & Culture
Events Reports
Places to Paddle

**All this for only \$22
(10 issues)!**

Like to see a sample issue?
Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$22 payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker

P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112 (Phone & Fax)

I want to get all the opinion part of this story out of the way first thing because this is a true and accurate report and, as such, there is no place where opinion is appropriate. What I think is that all boats should float instead of sink. I don't think there should be any exception to that rule. I mean, by law you can't buy a sinkable aluminum butthead that will only carry the fool that bought it, so why can a bunch of innocent and ignorant people get on a ferry or a cruise ship, any inspected vessel, that will plummet straight to the bottom if water gets inside somehow? I know it's not economical, in a vessel that has to pay its way, to fill space with some buoyant stuff, but if everybody had to do it the economics of the thing would soon level off.

It is foolish to regulate one thing and exclude another thing just because it is bigger. It is like that old foolishness of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Which brings up something else, in the old days they had icebergs to let the water into the boat, now we have suicidal terrorists and I think that is the business of the ultimate fool.

So now that that's over with, to the facts of this sinking incident. I didn't see it so I had to gather all this accuracy from a bunch of observers and participants, but I carefully cross-checked to make sure that no speculation or opinion could slip in. What happened was that there was this man who had a house on an island which, along with him and all the other people in the story, will remain unidentified. He was an ex-politician-turned-lobbyist, certainly the most effective of that breed. I was in a position to observe some of his activities and he was a right flamboyant person.

One thing he did was to haul his big fancy boat (a revered brand name among people who worship such things) up to his mooring, and when he finally got his line caught and made up, he would jump over the side as naked as a jay bird and push all his stuff ashore on his surfboard. As far as I could see, that was the only thing he used it for. If I had been set up like he was, I would have worn my bathing suit and shirt too. Oops, got to watch myself.

He was often accompanied by one or more young women who appeared to be the type possibly commonly procured for the use of politicians. When that happened, he had to bring his inflatable dinghy, but he did JUMP down into it naked, can't throw tradition to the wind just because it serves no useful purpose. At first I thought that his young companions were following his example, and had to get my 10x60's to find out the facts of the matter so I could be accurate with this. That was my introduction to a new type of bathing suit, one completely hidden in the rear.

I better get on with the boat part of this or else it will become ineligible for use in this magazine. So he had this medium-sized fiberglass sport's fisherman. He was just a lobbyist, remember, no longer a full-fledged politician or it would have been a big wooden Rybovich. It was a fast boat though, had a pair of those turbo-charged Cummins diesel engines about like what they put in garbage trucks and school buses instead of the 16 V 71 GMs like in a Rybovich. It had a black gel coat job as is characteristic of that brand (oops) and a catchy, self-congratulatory name on the transom in imitation gold leaf.

One day he took two of his companions, not the type described above but the kind who will actually get into the water in their bath-

It Sank

By Robb White

ing suits, two young brothers, way offshore in this boat to do a little scuba diving. The Gulf of Mexico is shallow and the bottom is very uniform and mostly plain sand, but if you go far enough and know some numbers, it is possible to find something to dive at that is deep enough to justify more than a snorkel and face mask.

They rode for a long time in this fast boat before the numbers got right. They swam down there and looked around. I did not find out where they were, but the place was probably an outcropping of limestone, something like a ledge. Some of them run for miles along the bottom and all kinds of fish and invertebrates live in the holes. The biggest spiny lobster I ever saw in my life was in a hole in one of those ridges, but that was back in the '50s before anybody knew anything about numbers and bottom machines. I know, since much big money is spent on searching out and decimating those few places, that there is nothing like that down there now.

Anyway, the lobbyist got hungry or something and decided to come up before the two young fellows. He was coming up the anchor line when he met the boat coming down and had to do some fancy flipper work to get out of the way. I don't know what he thought for sure, but I'll take a chance and make a supposition. I bet he was dismayed.

There he was floating in his high tech scuba outfit with his wrist compass and his ankle knife and his decompression calculator and all his other wearable junk in the middle of the ocean about umpteen miles from shore all by himself, his two companions were somewhere else. Not only that but, despite the fact that it had been dead slick calm when he went down, it was now rougher than a cob and he couldn't see far enough to find the other two. He jettisoned some of his stuff and inflated his little thing and tried to keep from drinking any more of the ocean than he had to, all day long, and it kept on breezing up as the day progressed and, about sundown, it began to blow for real.

As an aside, and this is a significant and appropriate meteorological interruption, I'll be damned if I know what it is that makes it breeze up offshore in the northern Gulf of Mexico at sunset, but you can almost count on it. If you are in a sailboat it doesn't seem to matter which way you are trying to go, it is always exactly dead wrong. Anyway, that is what happened to this man except that he wasn't going anywhere, so the direction of the wind didn't matter at all.

That brings up another thing. You know, despite how all the authorities always tell you to "stay with the boat" when it gets swamped in rough weather, many people leave the boat and seemingly, stupidly, set out on their own. Yeah, well, you just try to stay with a big swamped boat in rough water, one with barnacles and oysters all over the bottom. If it don't climb all over you, it will get away from you and be impossible to find again. It is just another example of how people who are set up in position to pontificate are apt to do it without having had any experience. It is good

if the boat doesn't sink to the bottom so it can kind of keep you company and give the searchers some kind of starting place. At least this man didn't have to try to make a decision about whether he should try to hang on to a propeller while it snap rolled 9' from side to side every two seconds because it was out of his reach down there on the bottom where it was calm.

He had a little flashlight, I told you he was well equipped, and by just the slimmest possible chance, a fishing boat saw it and picked him up. Now this is another supposition, but I bet he was glad. When he told the captain about his two companions, the man just shut off the engine. I heard that the lobbyist started hollering, "Aren't you even going to go look for them," and making the kinds of demands that people who are used to being in some abstract form of authority are apt to make. There ain't nothing abstract about the kind of authority that existed on that boat though. I know that captain and he tends to be more taciturn than communicative and is seldom influenced by suggestion.

What he did was let his paravanes down to dampen the rolling, called the Coast Guard, and gave them the numbers. "It'll be hours before they can get here," squawked the lobbyist. "You could find them, start the engine, turn on your searchlight, start a search pattern, do something!"

"They got them little lights like that one you got," asked the captain.

"Why certainly. The alkaline batteries will last for 48 hours, we always..." But he was cut off by the captain telling the young deck hand to go sit on the lee side of the wheelhouse and keep his eyes open. I am not going to give in to the temptation to do a little more supposing but, in my experience, even if that man had decided to try to take things into his own hands on that boat, all it would have taken would have been a glance from the captain.

Like I said, I know the man and even a lobbyist powerful enough to move a major league baseball team from one city to another would not be able to sway his judgment one whit. You know, if we had some politicians like that we wouldn't have to have all these lobbyists using up the supplies in the public buildings of the capital cities of this great nation. Hell, the savings on toilet paper would probably be significant.

Well, the Coast Guard sent a C130 from Mobile and dispatched a cutter from somewhere down around the cocaine lane, and the Florida Marine Patrol swarmed out of every creek and they started working a pattern out from the numbers. Just before daylight, the young deck hand came into the wheelhouse and woke the captain, who was snoozing in his aluminum chaise lounge, and told him that he saw some little lights. They picked up the two young fellows and called off the search. Here is how it worked, and it is alright for me to say it, too, because I'm a dad-blamed certified expert, y'all.

There is a major league unpredictable current in the north Gulf of Mexico. The Yucatan current, which is a major component of the Gulf Stream, separates as it flows past Cuba. Some of it goes through the Florida Straits to the Gulf Stream and some of it loops way up to the north in the Gulf before it flows south and rejoins the rest of the stream. Sometimes there is more water in that loop than there is in the other part, and sometimes it comes

way up and brings regular tropical flora and fauna up here to us: things like out-of-place spiny lobsters great barracudas, and Sargasso weed and all its associates.

It is real hard to tell what all that current is doing at any one time, and that's one reason so many people wind up someplace where it doesn't seem to make sense to be after making a crossing. You have to stay out there for a while and do a lot of navigation like fishing boats do before you can make even a semi-accurate approximation of what the current is doing that week. That's why the captain didn't haul ass all over the place. He had sense enough to know that the boat would out drift those people, and that the best thing to

do would be to put little sharp-eyed Junior on watch and set up his chaise lounge.

It is possible that he doesn't deserve credit for the certainty that he saved those people's lives. That C130 might have been able to spot them in that rough water when daylight came, but there is one thing for certain, he damn sure saved that boat.

Somehow, he remembered some numbers from all that babbling that went on in the wheelhouse, and after he hauled the derelicts home he went right back out there with a waterbed and a scuba rig. Had that boat floating, pumped out, and under tow in just a little while. Had those two Cumminses percolating after a little while more. I heard he made a

little spare change off the salvage sale.

So how did I get the title for this? That's the only thing I came by first-hand. I was down at the ferry dock when the lobbyist came back to the island to get his stuff. One of these nineties that comes over here (not one of the useful kind) asked him, "Where is your boat?" ("Boat," in this case, has three syllables and is spoken with a rising inflection, almost a wail.)

"It sank." It was all he had to say.

I know that this is going to seem like some more speculation, but it ain't. This is a fact. Those people would have been a hell of a lot better off if they had been in a boat that wouldn't sink.

Many years ago when I was a little boy I loved going to the beach. The problem was in getting there. We lived about ten miles north of Houston in what was then the country, but, the beach was at Galveston fifty miles south-east of Houston. Some of you are probably thinking where is the problem, get on the Interstate and be there in an hour. But, this was about 1950 and there were no Interstate highways. The only way to get to Galveston was a two lane road that passed through every little town along the way, and they all had at least one stoplight. On summer weekends the traffic was a nightmare.

However, my father found an alternative. The town of Freeport is south of Houston and although a longer drive there was much less traffic. Actually Freeport isn't on the coast but it is only a few miles to Surfside which, as the name suggests is on the beach. But Dad wouldn't stop at Surfside. Too crowded he would say. My dad had one passion in life (maybe two if you count my mother), he fished. He would drive seven miles up the beach toward San Luis Pass to a spot known as "The Boilers". This just happened to be one of the best places to surf fish on the upper Texas coast.

The Boilers got its name from the remains of an old shipwreck. All that was left was a mast and a boiler about 300 yards out from the beach. There was no trace of the hull to be seen. I remember asking my father a lot of questions like, where was the rest of the ship, how long had it been there, what was the name of the ship, etc.? All Dad could tell was that the boilers had been there in the late 1920s when he moved to Texas and had looked the same then (old and rusty). Being about five years old I didn't dwell on the subject for long, but I didn't forget about the Boilers.

Sometime in the 1960s the state put a bridge across San Luis Pass making it possible to drive from Freeport to Galveston following the beach. Every time I passed I would look for the Boilers and wonder how they came to be there. Through the 1960s and 1970s the Boilers were visible, but the mast disappeared, I can't remember when. In the early 1980s the old boiler was gone. Hurricane Alicia hit Galveston in 1983 and was probably responsible for toppling the old boiler.

Over thirty years had passed since I'd first seen the boiler and I hadn't gotten around to researching the subject. It's not as if I procrastinate but it just wasn't very high on my list of priorities. A few years later I opened the magazine supplement of the Sunday paper and there it was, an article about the shipwreck known

The Mystery of the Boilers

By David Gulley

locally as "The Boilers". Since then I have found more information in a book about shipwrecks on the Texas coast.

The Canadian Steam Ship *Acadia* was a side-wheeler of the River Clyde type and displaced 738 tons. Built in Montreal of the finest Canadian timber and powered by a 900 horsepower engine she was said to be able to achieve 14 knots when loaded. Captain Thomas Leach assumed command when the *Acadia* was commissioned and cleared for Nassau, Havana, Vera Cruz, and Velasco, Texas (now Freeport) with a mixed cargo of brass hardware, bolts of cloth, etc.. Not being familiar with the Texas coast, Capt. Leach tried to find a pilot in each port, but no pilots were available.

On a foggy late winter night the *Acadia* approached the Texas coast. It might seem strange for an experienced seaman to close an unfamiliar coast without a pilot on a dark and dirty night but Capt. Leach had a good reason. The date was Feb. 8, 1865 and the Union Navy was blockading all Confederate ports. Capt. Leach had selected Velasco for the simple reason that only one ship was blockading the port.

As anyone who has navigated with a sextant knows, the wise navigator does not aim directly at his destination. He will aim slightly to one side so that when land is spotted he will know which way to turn to his intended port. This is what Capt. Leach did as he made landfall at San Luis Pass, some 16nm northeast of Velasco. All of the coast of Texas is low and sandy with few landmarks visible from offshore. San Luis Pass is the only identifiable landmark between Galveston and the mouth of the Brazos River.

After making landfall and confirming his

position, Capt. Leach turned the *Acadia* to port and began sounding his way along the beach as close inshore as he dared. He had to hurry for if the *Acadia* wasn't in the river by dawn his only chance would be to attempt to outrun the *USS Virginia*. But it was not to be as the *Acadia* ran hard aground 7nm short of her goal. All efforts to back off failed. As a last resort Capt. Leach ordered his crew to ferry the cargo ashore using the ships boats. This would lighten the *Acadia* as well as save the cargo from being destroyed if they couldn't save the ship.

Due to a thick fog it was after 9am when the *USS Virginia* hauled her anchor aboard and began to patrol the section of coast assigned to her. As the fog lifted the lookouts on the *Virginia* spotted the stranded blockade-runner and the jig was up. The exhausted crew of the *Acadia* rowed hard for the beach with their last loads of cargo as the *Virginia* approached. The Capt. of the *Virginia* must have had prize money in mind. Instead of shelling the *Acadia* he tried to put a crew aboard using his boats. However, by this time the Confederate cavalry had arrived and repelled the boarding crew with small arms fire from beach. Unable to take the *Acadia*, the *USS Virginia* shelled her into rubble and steamed away. The remains of the *Acadia* are still there on the clay bank now known as Acadia Reef.



In the spring of 1978 we started construction of the boat shed. We were concerned about the neighbor's sensitivity so our shed was built as small and unobtrusive as possible, it was not visible from the street. This shed was basically a lean-to against the back of the house made of 2x4 frames on 2" centers covered with heavy clear plastic. With the boat mold and two people working it was barely adequate. We also left a cedar tree standing in one corner, that we felt shouldn't be cut down, and built around it.

The mold base was built with parallel 2"x6" planks on edge attached to large stakes driven into the ground. A considerable amount of time was spent carefully checking the alignment to insure that it was square and in the erection of the station molds. In the evenings after work, we nailed on the 1/4" lattice that formed the base for attaching the balsa core. This material, which was dry when purchased, began to swell and buckle between the mold stations do to the high humidity.

To solve this problem Ann painted the entire mold inside and out as I attached the lattice. The final step in building the mold was attaching temporary 1/2" urethane foam sheets with panel adhesive to the hull and keel area below the water line, as this area was to be solid FRP, and also painting the foam black. The black paint was to facilitate the observance of air bubbles during the layup. With us, however, all it did was absorb solar heat and cause the foam panels to warp. More work replacing the foam, however the mold was now complete and we were ready to start the actual boat.

The hull construction began with attaching 1/2" thick 2"x4" sheets of balsa to the mold. These sheets consisted of 1"x2" rectangles of 1/2" balsa glued to a scrim that would enable the sheets to take a compound bend, up to a point. Ann drilled about 2,500 holes through the lattice then went under the hull to drive the screws from the inside while I placed and held the sheets. Driving the screws from the inside would allow us to remove them and hence the hull from the mold. It was a tight fit

Gary, Ann, and Grendel

Part 2

By Gary Vaughn

for Ann but impossible for me. This was one of the problems caused by the very small shed.

The balsa sheets were laid on the diagonal to allow an easier bend as they conformed to the hull contour. The compound bend of the sheets created a crescent shaped gap between adjacent sheets that necessitated edge cutting to fit. I held each sheet in place to cover the gap while Ann marked it from underneath. I then removed the sheet, cut it with a utility knife, and held it back in place while Ann drove in the screws. We continued in this fashion around the boat until all the sheets were in place.

It rained several days later and where we built around the cedar tree the roof leaked all over the stern quarter causing the balsa to swell like a gigantic blister. We cut down the tree that night, rebuilt that part of the roof, tore off the damaged balsa and replaced it, all because we didn't build the correct shed. The next day we covered the entire hull with un-waxed resin to seal it against any further water problems.

Now came the hard part, getting the balsa smooth. Around each of the 1"x2" rectangles there was a gap about 1/16" to 1/8" wide. Every place the balsa made a sharp bend one of these rectangles would stick out. To hold the rectangles in place and provide rigidity a mix of micro-balloons and un-waxed resin the consistency of peanut butter was trowelled into all the gaps around the balsa rectangles. A Rockwell disc sander was then used to knock down the high places. The un-waxed resin

clogged the disc causing the sander to jump creating gouges on the surface.

We finally mixed a batch of waxed resin and micro-balloons and did the hull a second time. The sander didn't clog and I was able to get a fairly good surface. However, we were concerned about the wax and its affect on our laminate, so we sanded some more and then washed the hull with acetone. There are four things wrong with acetone, it's too expensive, it evaporates too fast, it's bad for your skin, and it can cause respiratory problems. I recalled reading an article about using lacquer thinner in place of acetone when working with resins. It seems the cutting agent in lacquer thinner is the same as that used in acetone, namely toluene. The thinner is cheaper and doesn't evaporate as fast, however, it's still bad for your skin and lungs.

Why did we use End-Grain-Balsa rather than Airex on the hull? Simply because of the cost difference. Had we known how much more difficult and time consuming the balsa was over Airex we would have paid the price, gladly.

John Hopkins stopped by the day Ann and I were preparing to put on the first layer of 3/4-oz. matt and volunteered to give us a hand. Each piece was laid on the reverse diagonal of the balsa sheets starting at the hull centerline down to the sheer. The panels were edge butted rather than overlapped to eliminate bumps. Subsequent layers would cover each of these butts. The panels were then marked, cut and stacked in the order to be applied. With the three of us working it took about two hours to cover the entire hull with this one layer. This included the prep and clean-up work.

When Ann and I reflect on the project we are pleased and amazed at the number of people who gave of their time to assist us. In this regard a special thanks to Ann's parents, Stan and Anna Struzik. Stan and Anna were retired and living in Florida during the winter months and spending part of the summer with us on Cape Cod. During this time, while Ann and I were at work, Stan would clean and sharpen tools, lay out equipment, and organize the evening project. We could then come straight home, jump into our project clothes and get in a couple of hours before dinner, the dinner that was prepared by Anna along with the other household chores that she had accomplished during the day.

After the initial matt application the FRP laminate was applied as follows: topsides to waterline—three doubles, bottom—six doubles, and keels—eight doubles. A double is one layer of 3/4-oz. matt and one layer of 24-oz. roving.

Stan usually had these marked, cut and waiting for the evening project. We then could laminate one side with a double and clean up in two hours. Each double was allowed to cure for 24 hours, then the rough spots were sanded down with a very coarse disc. This was done to keep the layup as smooth as possible as lumps seem to amplify as successive layers are applied. While sanding I was very concerned about inhaling the dust and getting it on my skin which caused a terrible itch and rash. It was a two-person operation to get me ready for this chore. I put on a coverall, cloth helmet, respirator, goggles and rubber gloves, then Ann sealed all the openings with masking tape.

Grendel mold construction.



We found a 2-gallon plastic bucket, marked with quart indicators, to be the ideal mixing pot for resin. These buckets could be used over and over as the leftover resin cures in the bucket and would break loose with a sharp rap. The ratio of catalyst was always 50% of that recommended for a half-hour cure at 70 degrees. This gave us sufficient time for our layup of one double on half the hull. The resin was applied with a 3" short haired paint roller. Immediately after a section was covered with resin Ann rolled over it with an aluminum bubble roller. This was a very important step in the lamination process and one that I had seen many people skip. If the bubbles are not removed a void is created and weakens the laminate. Even though we took special pains with the layup the final surface was a little lumpy when we finished.

The longer we were involved in the boat project the more our circle of friends changed from a group with varied backgrounds and interests to a new one of boat building acquaintances. Our outlook and topics of conversation were very narrowly limited to our boat projects. I'm afraid we were becoming very boring intellectually as well as having a permanent resin smell about us. Somewhat like a pipe smokers smell, always present, but not as pleasant. Not as pleasant? We stunk!!

After a time we seemed to absorb the smell through our pores. When we started to taste it we were amazed at how over powering it had become. Our work clothes were being constantly aired and were almost permanent fixtures at the end of the clothesline. Our work shoes were old running shoes that had become a collection of resin, bits of rags, small bits of matt and roving. We also smelled of "Bag Balm" that we used on our hands to soothe the dried skin. Ah well, even though we looked and smelled terrible we were becoming very proud of what we were accomplishing.

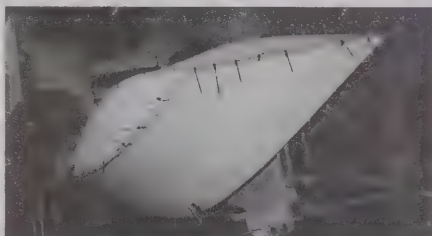
So much for digression. The only way to get a smooth surface on a male mold built boat is to screed on a filler and then sand down the high spots. This time we used "Filite" and waxed resin for the screed mix. The Filite gave us a better feel than the micro-balloons and was easier to handle. We used flexible batens and plastering screeds to smooth it out.

I wasn't that confident in my handling of the disc sander to go after a smooth surface so we decided to make our own manual sanders. These consisted of 1/4" plywood 8" wide by 24" long with two handles on one side and sandpaper affixed with spray adhesive to the other. We saved some money by purchasing rolls of 8" wide drum sander paper for this purpose. We spent every evening and weekends during the month of September sanding and filling. When the sun went down Ann would shine a flashlight down the side of the hull while I marked the low area shadows to be worked on the following day. If this sounds like our hull was nothing but filler this is a misconception as most of it was sanded off.

(To Be Continued)

Building the Rocking Dory

By Terry Lesh



Stitched hull.

I built the Rocking Dory for my granddaughter and she loves it. Having seen the Rocking Dory in action and the proud face of my granddaughter, friends requested me to build more and suggested I design building plans for the homebuilder.

As an amateur boat builder, wooden toy maker and dory man, I had no choice but to do so. Building the Rocking Dory goes fast. The stitch-and-glue construction method is quick and strong.

For the hull I use birch door skins, which turned out plenty strong using this method. For the stem I use 2"x2" pine. The seat thwart and the helm are from 1" pine. Fabricating the rocker assembly offers several choices in woods. I have used white pine, cherry, and red cedar. The helm, stem, thwart, gunnel, and rocker assembly are finished natural. The hull I usually paint marine blue, but it can be red, green, white, yellow, or any color you like.

All have turned out beautifully. The Rocking Dory is an artistic piece of furniture, suitable for any living room or family room. The creative builder could convert the Rocking Dory to a beautiful coffee table.

The building sequence goes as follows: cut out all the parts from the full size plans; sand and round the edges; stitch the hull together; apply the epoxy fillets and tape; fit the stem, thwart and helm; glue the rocker assembly together; fair it all up; and paint.

The plans kit includes full-size traceable patterns for all the hull and rocker assembly parts. The instruction manual is 10 pages, step-by-step directions, illustrations, and color photos of fabrication details. Order from my ad under Plans and Kits in the back of *MAIB*. The plans include full-scale traceable patterns, 10 pages of detailed instructions with illustrations, and color photos of construction details. Plans are \$15, pre-cut and sanded parts (you assemble and finish) are \$175.

Completed dory.



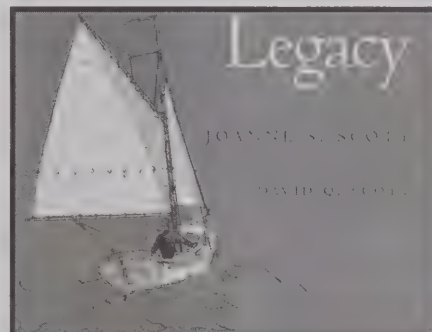


COLUMBIA TRADING CO.

BUY - SELL • Nautical Books
FREE BOOK • Ship Models
CATALOG • Marine Art & Antiques

On Line Catalog:
www.columbiatrading.com

1 Barnstable Rd., Hyannis, MA 02601
 (508) 778-2929 Fax (508) 778-2922
nautical@capecod.net



By Joanne S. Scott

With Drawings by David Q. Scott

In these days of fiberglass, one could perhaps understand how a sailor could succumb to owning a wooden boat, but four, five, over ten? Here is woven a tale through narrative poetry of the foibles and romance of a sail-smitten family and the steady accumulation of one fine character boat after another.

\$30.00 Available Through

Nimbus Studio

2 Reed Court, Chestertown, MD 21620

Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Quantity Ordered @ \$30: _____

Also Available Through
Amazon.com
 (Search for Joanne S. Scott)

My Wooden Boat!...On-Line
 Forum...Calendar of events...
 School Courses...Books...
 Boat Plans...and more!



www.woodenboat.com



A swift, barebones trimaran for offshore racing and ocean voyaging.

Bird

By Steve Callahan
Reprinted with permission from *American Yacht Review* 1999



Few, if any, designers have influenced their field as much as Dick Newick. Since he first began creating trimarans in the early 1960s, Newick has changed the lines, angles, and curves of these multihulls into a new genus of tri. Phil Weld noted that when his famous Singlehanded Transatlantic Race winner *Moxie* flew across the sea, sometimes outpacing even the wind and waves, he came to consider the Atlantic his Walden Pond. Indeed, to fully appreciate a Newick, you must be keenly interested in an almost zenlike connection to every nuance of the marine environment and the act of sailing itself, and little interested in burying yourself within some overloaded seagoing estate featuring every "modern inconvenience," as Newick calls them.

Andy Green, who commissioned Bird, passionately races from his homeport in Texas. After a passage across the Gulf of Mexico to Vera Cruz, the Yucatan, or Florida, he likes to cruise home the 600 to 800 miles with his wife. He had owned a Santa Cruz 50 ULDB before being drawn to multihulls. "I'd run companies with lots of people, and I didn't want to need a medium-sized navy to run a boat," he said. "It looked like a multihull would offer

us more speed with fewer crew." He'd seen how even moderate multihulls like the Condor 40 could outpace monohull racers, including to windward, so he bought a Condor and raced it for four years before his eye was caught by the Newick design. Newick had drawn the 48-footer in 1992 for wood epoxy construction, but the original client had to table the project. Green thought it would be just the ticket to extend his extensive winning streak and to cruise with only his wife as mate. He'd always loved the looks of Newick boats and thought the 48 reflected Newick's best and newest thinking.

A structural and materials engineer, Green had worked for General Dynamics and on such projects as the breakthrough, composite-bodied Formula 1 racer Chaparral. He founded Composite Technology, Inc., and had been involved with building Olympic Solings and Flying Dutchmans as well as larger race boats. Green reengineered Newick's design for composite construction, working closely with Newick and the builder, Lone Star Multihulls in Brownsville, Texas. Lone Star had previously built a number of Chris White multihulls, but this was the first time they used ATC Core-Cell, a strip-planked foam core. Newick now says this system is his favorite way to build a one-off boat.

Green chose 1" thick foam instead of 3/4", adding insulation and stiffness to the structure. After fitting the bead-and-cove strips of foam over the station molds, the builders added skins of 1808 biaxial cloth set in epoxy. The beam flanges and high stress areas contain substantial amounts of carbon fiber. "We determined the primary load paths," said Green, "and then added carbon to handle these loads." For example, as the outer hulls are pressed down and work their way across waves, the beams transmit twisting loads to the main hull and across the coach roof. So the builders added carbon fiber diagonal strapping across the cabin top to handle these loads, much the way Nat Herreshoff and others added diagonal metal strapping to handle twisting loads in traditionally built wooden monohulls.

The result of this composite approach is that rare "bird," a multihull that actually weighs less than designed. In fact, she'll carry more than 3,000 pounds of payload just to sink her to her designed displacement. What's more, said the builder, she's proven incredibly stiff, with her leeward shrouds way out on the ends of the aft beams barely slackening with the boat hard pressed to weather, whereas in most multis of this type, they'd be waving about like jump ropes. She's stiff in terms of sail carrying power, too, said Newick, noting that Green has sailed her in winds exceeding 20 knots but has not yet found enough incentive to reef.

Nat Herreshoff built several catamarans in the 1890s and thought they would make good cruising boats if kept light enough, though that would require a Spartan, almost camping style of cruising. In fact, when Herreshoff's cats proved so fast the regatta committee had to search for a reason to ban them from racing, they asked Herreshoff if she had any accommodation, which was required. Herreshoff replied, "Why, yes, a camp stool." Newick has always carried Herreshoff's torch, if not his stool, refusing to bloat a multihull's wide platform with penthouses and living rooms. He's always provided the essentials, good sea berths and places to sit, cook, and

With Bird, gone is what had become trademark Newick banana sheer lines, the ski slope front to the cabin top leading a low-slung foredeck, and freeboards wafting close to the water. This is not entirely new for Newick. He designed a reverse sheer 50-footer back in 1980 for racing, and a newer, small trimaran design called Wings in recent years. He says he does not "prefer" this approach, but neither does he avoid it. "It's what the client wanted," he said. At a cost of very little extra surface area and weight, this approach gains much greater volume inside the hulls. "The amas (outer hulls) are so big, I'd be happy cruising and camping out in them," said Newick, noting they even supply "sitting headroom."

But you won't need the amas for cruising on Bird. The raised foredeck provides a spacious forecabin complete with "house-sized" double berth (all the berths are at least 6'6" long, too). Forward of the companionway, the galley, with a Force 10, LPG two-burner stove and broiler and Sea Frost DC fridge, provides just enough space for preparing simple meals quickly offshore or complex ones when the chef can spread out to neighboring spaces in port. There's a Whale pump-driven pressure water system to empty the 50-gallon tank, but the galley and head sinks also feature passage proven foot pumps for both fresh and salt water.

The nav station opposite the galley is serious enough to provide a real chart table and house the Garmin GPS, ST50 Autohelm instrument package, Si-Tex radar, and plenty of real paper charts. Two generously sized pilot

berths flank saloon seats just forward of this. Any crew lounging on the raised settees will enjoy a panorama of the outdoors through the fixed ports of the coach roof. To ease maintenance, there is virtually no varnish on deck, and every compartment has been made accessible via hatches or openings within the hulls. A design option allows for a double aft cabin, with a wider and shorter cockpit, but Green chose his layout because he loves everything being spread out, appreciating that the winches are not "stacked up onto one another" and that the separate helmsperson's cockpit behind the traveler "forces the helmsman to focus on what he's doing."

Although you won't find any washer or dryer, microwave, or even generator on Bird, she does feature a Yanmar 27hp inboard with 50-amp alternator that charges two gel-cell batteries. The power plant drives an 18" Martek folding prop on a 1" Aquamet shaft. The hull stays dry thanks to a PSS Shaftseal. The Yanmar gives the boat just under 8 knots of speed at 2,800 rpm. Nineteen gallons of fuel will still take you about 200 miles, which is more than Green will likely need on a boat that will make tracks in a zephyr.

In the heavier airs, she'll certainly need no help. Green has revved her up to 24 knots in winds blowing 18 to 25 (30 to 35 apparent), and that's with plain sail. He'll soon carry two spinnakers, the largest almost 2,000 square feet, almost double her working sail. To further ease handling, the jib could be made self-tacking, as the one Green now carries barely laps the mast. The boat is certainly mainsail driven. For deliveries and cruising, Green carries a simple triangular main with no battens, which his wife loves.

For racing, he pulls out the stops and raises a carbon-battened, full-roach Kevlar powerhouse. The sails hang on a common multihull rig, double diamonds of rod rigging keep the stick in column while a 1/2" Dieform

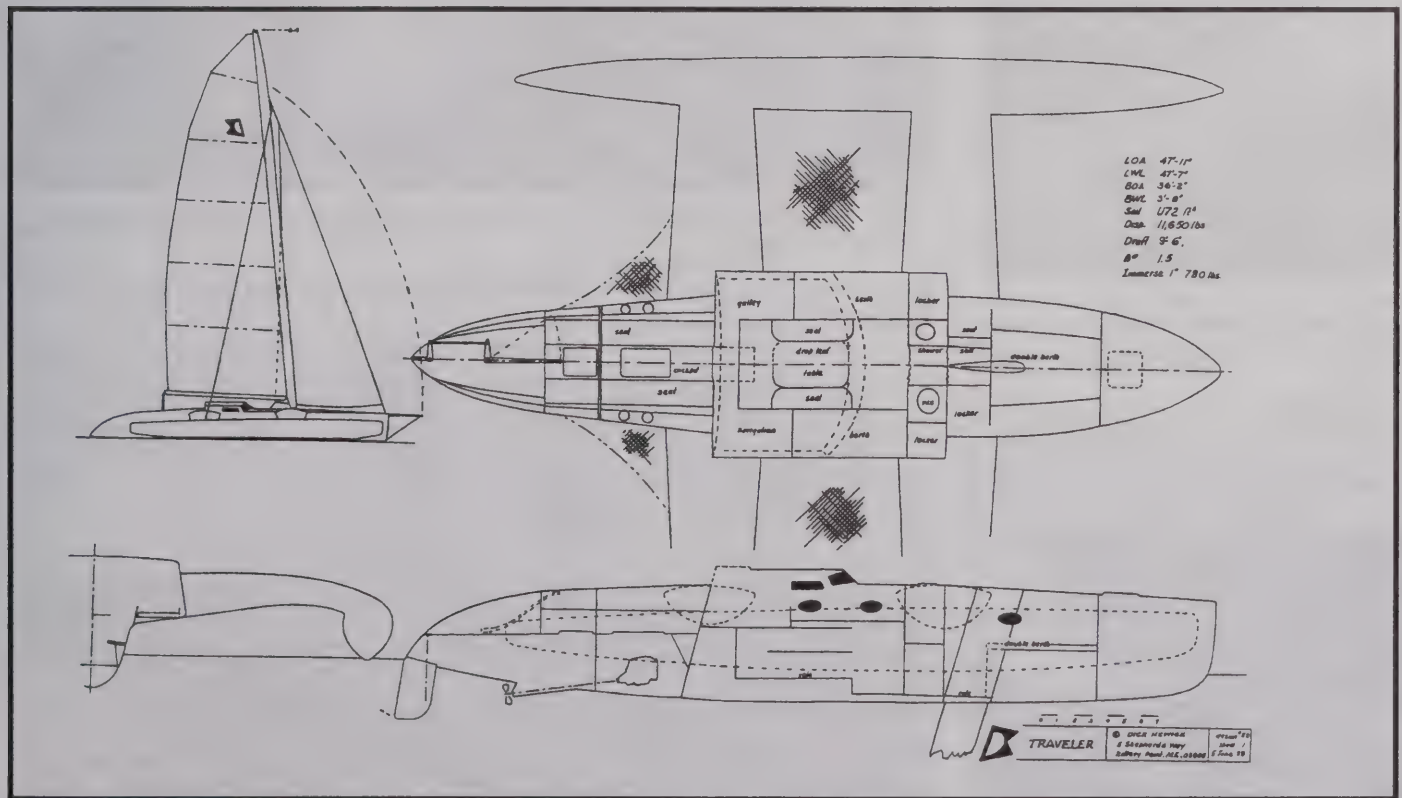
forestay and two shrouds hold it upright, the shrouds significantly swept back, which is possible because the boat's immense beam keeps them out of the way of the mainsail even when it's eased.

Much of Bird's performance and comfort is determined by her proportions and shapes. Newick has kept the boat's beam more moderate than the "square" (as wide as they are long) open 60 trimarans and similar racers now so popular in France, which also feature incredibly full amas, displacing up to three times the boats' total displacements and shaped like long, almost straight cigars with one pointy end. They ride entirely on the amas, flying their main hulls, even in moderate breezes. In essence, they have become catamarans with an extra hull lodged in the middle around which the boat tacks and through which the rig loads are carried.

All multihulls dance on the surface more than monohulls, and the lighter and more buoyant their hulls the more they do the jig, but Newick said the open style boats are so stiff and full-bodied that when they come down on a wave they can shake the wind from the sails. By reducing beam, he improved stiffness in the beams and reduced their weight.

Still, even in 20-plus knots of wind with full sail, Bird has never flown the main hull. Her hulls have a lot more rocker to their bottoms and their ends are more V'd, providing a softer motion in a seaway. In addition, Newick thinks the volume of the outer floats often is excessive these days, and that the 140% of designed displacement that Bird can carry is plenty. The smaller volumes also reduce weight. He stresses that there is no fixed, ideal number for float volume, but the designer must consider overall beam, sail area, rig height, and "the whole picture" to arrive at a holistic design.

A nice bonus from multihulls, and some think a primary reason for owning them, is



shallow draft. Bird features a very deep daggerboard and kick-up rudder, giving her a reach into coastal waters as shallow as 2' deep, greatly extending her voyaging range. The daggerboard needs only a small opening slot, reducing turbulence and lost hull volume of a swinging board's long trunk, but this arrangement will not be very forgiving should the board strike bottom. To address this, Newick usually incorporates a "crash box" aft of the board to absorb unusual impacts, but Green decided to slope the board aft and to rely on paying attention, in the worst case, the aft side of the board might deform. Also, sailing in the sands of the Gulf poses less of a threat than the granite ledges of Newick's native Northeast.

Builder, owner, and designer all seem happy. Newick said that Weld's *Moxie* was state of the art at the time and that Bird is comparable. Green feels that Bird has delivered simplicity and ease of sailing and maintenance, comfort at sea, and, above all, speed.

Steve Callahan is a writer, boat designer, boatbuilder, and author of *Adrift, 76 Days Lost at Sea*. He lives in Ellsworth, Maine.



Bird's carbon spars and Kevlar sails have cranked the tri up to 24 knots, without a reef, in 18 to 25 knots of wind.



The tri's amas are more slender than many other trimarans, and Bird has not yet flown the main hull, nor is it intended to.

Belowdecks, Bird is comfortable but spare, showing the owners' interest in maintaining a lightweight speed machine.

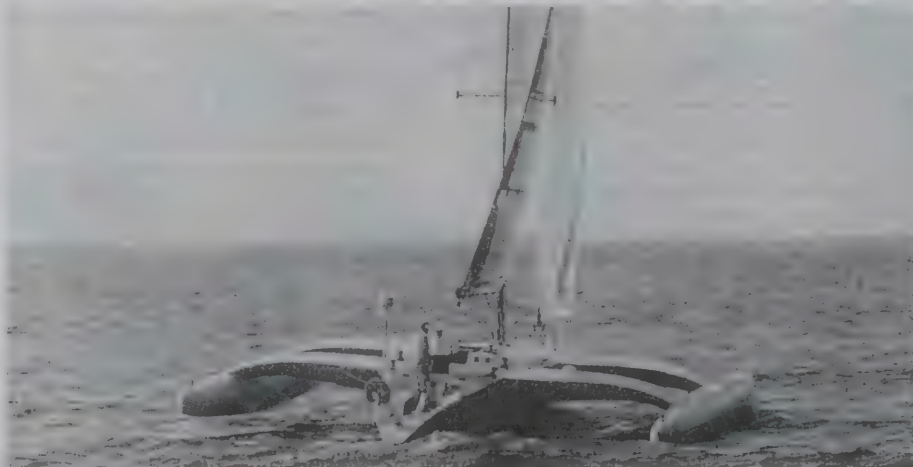


Bird	
designer contact	Dick Newick, Kittery Point, Maine Dick Newick, (207) 439-3768
builder contact	Lone Star Multihulls, Brownsville, Texas Jim Enholm/Jim George, (956) 831-0581
description dimensions	Voyaging and racing trimaran LOA: 47' 11" LWL: 47' 7" B: 36' 2" D: 9' 6"
Navigation equipment	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Si-Tex radar ■ Garmin 128 GPS ■ West Marine VHF ■ ST50 Autohelm instrument package ■ Ritchie compasses (2)
Engine & propulsion system	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Yanmar 27hp 3-cyl. ■ Yanmar controls ■ Martec prop
Power generation	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Yanmar 50-amp alternator
Capacities	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Fresh water: 50 gals. ■ Fuel: 10 gals.
Electrical system	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ West Marine gel-cel batteries ■ Paneltronics electronic panel
Galley	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Sea Frost DC refrigerator ■ Force 10 stove
Rigging & equipment	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Fortress Danforth anchors (2) ■ Harken winches, blocks ■ Harken jib-furling system ■ Slab Reef mainsail-furling system ■ Harken travelers ■ Schaefer cleats ■ Metalmast mast & hardware ■ Dieform 1/2" stays
Sails	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Area: 1,172 sq. ft. ■ Quantum Kevlar main & Dacron jib ■ Screecher chutes
Finish	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Awlgrip topside paint ■ West Marine antifouling coating
Vessel purpose	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Racing and shorthanded voyaging
Cost	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Est. \$350,000 (construction) ■ \$9,000 (design)



Bird fits neatly alongside the Green's canal-front residence in Port Arthur, Texas, despite its impressive 36' beam.

Bird's owner, Andy Green, used his experience as an engineer to rework the design for composite construction.



Dave's old barn was struck by lightning and burnt to the ground.

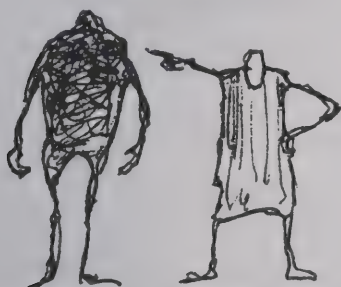
"An act of God," Dave declared with some satisfaction.



ACT OF GOD

When he received the insurance money, he told his little woman, "I'm going to build a boat, dear."

"You build a barn, never mind a boat. The barn is for the car and it increases the value of the property. A boat does nothing."



A BARN

"It burnt by an act of God, my love. I have the feeling that if I build another barn, the Almighty will only strike it with lightning again and burn it to the ground again, dearest."

"Never you mind what the Almighty wants. You do as you're told and build another barn."

"Yes, dear."

So Dave went and bought the wood and started to build a boat. He lofted, set the ribs, planked, and caulked.

"What's that thing you're making out there," the little woman asked one day. "It doesn't look like a barn to me."

"It's the roof of the barn, my dove," Dave replied.



ROOF

A Barn or a Boat

By Tom

"It's very peculiar, I'm thinking, to build a barn from the top down."

"You merely haven't kept up-to-date with the newest barn building method, my precious. This is the latest thing. Much quicker to build."

Then he began to sand and paint.



"Why are you painting the roof before the sides are put up," the little woman protested.

"It's easier to paint it on the ground. I don't have to use ladders, honeybee."

"Well, it looks more and more like a boat to me," she said.

"You're mistaken, dearest. Barns do resemble boats in the making. When it's turned over you'll see how ingeniously it was designed."

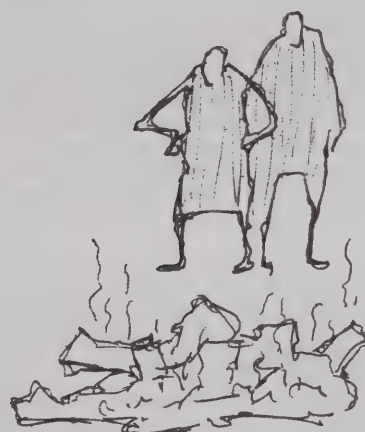
"What are those poles for," she asked.

"They'll hold up the roof temporarily while I build the walls around it, sweetie pie."



SHOPPING

When she went away shopping one day, Dave drove the barn to the boat club, and when she returned, the roof was gone. There was only a pile of ashes where it had been.



ASHES

"Where's the roof of our barn," she demanded.

"It was struck by lightning again, love," Dave said forlornly.

"It didn't storm where I was," she said.

"It didn't storm here either, honey. Just a single bolt of lightning struck the barn and burnt it to the ground," Dave explained.

"I don't like the sound of this," she said angrily.

Thunder rumbled and it started to rain.



THANKS LORD

"Thanks, Lord," Dave mumbled.

"What did you say," the wife asked.

"We'd best get out of the rain, my love."

Build "Rocking Dory"



48" x 18" McKenzie River Dory Rocker

Fast Build Stitch & Glue Full Scale Patterns
10pp Directions, Illustrations, Color Photos
\$15 Plans, \$175 Precut Parts

Terry Lesh

80 Bennet Cr. Rd.

Cottage Grove, OR 97424

Building a Boat?



Let Greg Rossell help. He has written *Building Small Boats*, which covers both traditional lapstrake and plank on frame construction. 278 pages, hardcover, \$39.95.

Order Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447 or visit our site and click the link for WoodenBoat Books.

WoodenBoat, PO Box 78
Naskeag Road, Brooklin, ME 04616

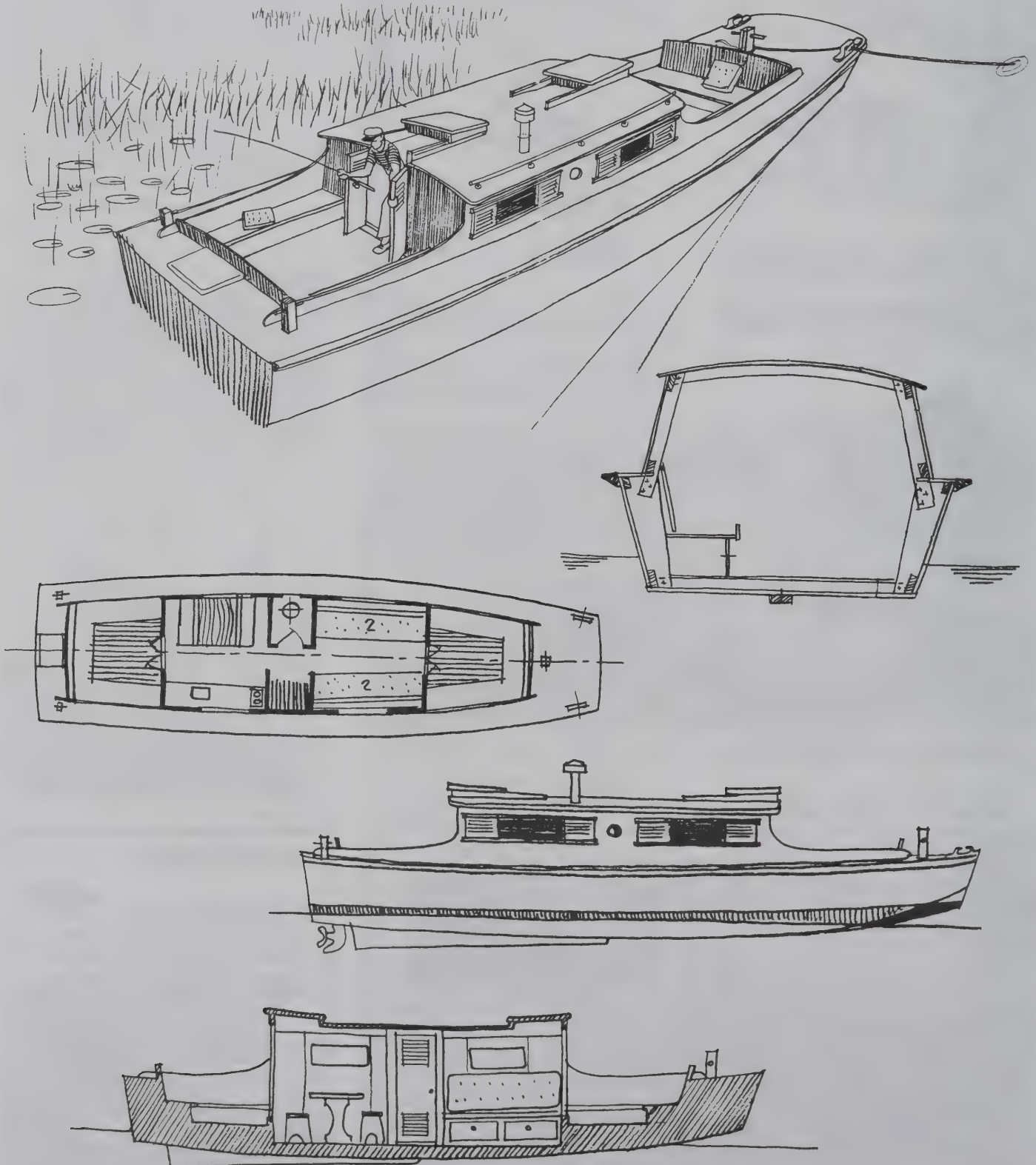
www.woodenboat.com

Lotus Leaf

Weekend Shelter Afloat

By Phil Thiel

Here are two preliminary sketches I drew up in 1956 which might interest readers. Lotus Leaf features a sampan like hull for floating, fishing, swimming or exploring on lake or river.



I'm finishing up the plans for my GP-10 and am reminded of something Gen. Robert E. Lee said, "The best (battle) plan is a simple one. The complicated part is keeping it simple." The complicated part of a 10-footer is trim. If a builder weighs more than 155lbs (as I do), I will send a diet with the plans. The major reason for the tiller extension is so that a person can move forward to get the boat to "kick" onto a plane (and stay out of the rain).

I say in the building directions for the GP-10 that it must absolutely and positively be made of marine grade plywood. This is especially so in the case of 1/4" stuff. EXT can have voids in the inner ply so your thickness at that point is only 66%. EXT is about \$20 a sheet and marine is about \$40, but this will be the best \$160 or so that a person will ever spend. I am at work on a directory of sellers of marine grade. There are many who will ship and that's an added expense.

Here is layout of my Capacity Plate for the GP-10. I do these for each design (only person who does). USCG formula says 3 persons, but I think that it can be double that on this pot if one of them is towed behind on waterskis!

U.S. COAST GUARD	
MAXIMUM CAPACITIES	
3	PERSONS OR 530 LBS.
675 LBS. PERSONS, MOTOR, GEAR	
15 HP MOTOR	
THIS BOAT COMPLIES WITH U.S. COAST GUARD SAFETY STANDARDS IN EFFECT ON THE DATE OF CERTIFICATION.	
YOUR NAME YOUR CITY AND STATE	

Important Safety Notice

The above capacity plate **MUST** be permanently affixed to the boat in a position where it can be seen by the operator. The area between the dotted lines must be in yellow. Use crayon, etc. Glue it on and cover varnish, resin, etc. to protect it. This is required by USCG regulations and there is a stiff penalty if it is not properly displayed, including seizure of your boat.

More Safety

USCG requires that boats such as this have flotation. The plans show this. There is more than required, but use it all, just to be on the safe side. Blocks of foam are best so they can be removed to inspect the area.

Turns Warning

CAUTION:

**DO NOT MAKE TURNS
AT SPEEDS IN EXCESS
OF 10 MPH. TO DO SO MAY
CAUSE LOSS OF STABILITY
AND POSSIBLE CAPSIZE.**

Cut out this label and affix it so that the boat operator can see it. Flat-bottom, hard-chine boats are unstable when turned at high speed. The chine tends to dig in and cause boat to "trip". This can cause the boat to capsize. You and I know this, but someone operating your boat, even if they stole it, may not. My lawyer and insurance company and yours will be glad this notice was posted!

A Designer's Life

By Jim Betts

I suppose some lawyer will say that my "Turns Warning" is not complete because it does not say what will happen to you!

I went to Florida in late July to sea-trial a GP-16. Had a nice couple of days. Got lost, ran aground and then ran out of gas! Had a lot of comments on it and gave out 10 sets of study plans and have one plans order. Orders from www.bateau.com have really been very good for the past couple of months, I usually get five or six per week between GP-16 and SDI!



Someone said, "If you want to see the real capacity of a small boat, draw an area the size of the boat and get however many people to sit or stand in that area for one hour."

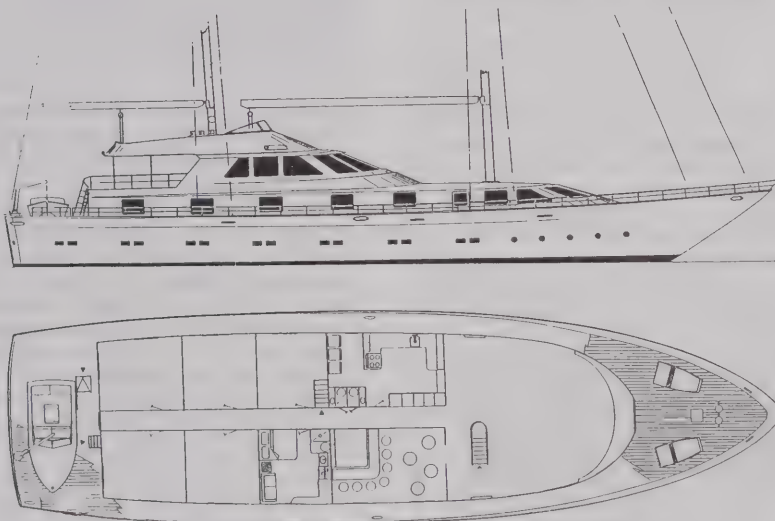
My ship design for a client who was tired of fake trawlers (see drawing) sleeps up to 20 in small cabins with upper-and-lower berths. The captain has a nice cabin to be sure. The "gun" on the foredeck should solve some right-of-way disputes. My plan calls for twin VW marine diesels. These just now being introduced and are a real bargain. Smaller and lighter than most and very nice looking.



If GP-10 is too small, here's my ship for a client who is tired of fake trawlers and such and wants to take a paramilitary direction. It is 57' done in steel and aluminum and sleeps (gasp!) 20. The "gun" on the foredeck is really just a doghouse to the forward area and the barrel is just a support for an awning (but isn't it mean looking)! We call it a ship for the French Foreign Legion Navv. He is looking for crew if you're interested

No such thing as a cheap boat!
Jim Betts, PO Box 1309, Point Pleasant
Beach, NJ 08742-1309

Condoship

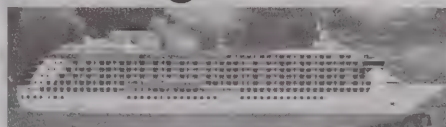


In our October 15, 1994 issue, Jim presented his design concept for a "Condoship" which would offer 30 private accommodations on a 130' sailing ship with 900hp auxiliary power. I commented that keeping up to 60 people happy cruising over long periods of time in so confined a facility might be the major obstacle to success for his idea. It didn't happen.

Now I read in a recent issue of the business magazine, *Forbes*, about a "Floating Tax Haven", a \$358 million cruise liner, *World*, promoted as the first ever seafaring condo. The owners have presold 86 of the 110 apartments at \$2 million to \$6.8 million each on 50 year leases (Jim had suggested \$335,000 in 1994 in his more modest proposal).

So, add to Jim's comments on "A Designer's Life" something about being the victim of having an idea that came to mind before its time, and too modest in scale for the concept.

Floating Tax Haven



Come the new year, the world's first cruise ship condo hits the water. Europeans see a nice little tax dodge.



As you know, we welcome feedback as to what you think of *Afloat!* but we have been surprised at the number of favorable comments on this design series. Perhaps this is an indication of a healthy interest in small boat design, at least among our readers. Obviously the series is not infinite, but as it is not strictly linear either. It can incorporate aspects of design raised by readers, or possibly amplify points already covered, perhaps too fleetingly.

In January we began with a reiteration of the theoretical hull speed of displacement craft, and a point which may not have been clear from this is that waves of a given length move at a set speed. Thus, a wave of length 16'0" will move at a speed of $1.25 \times \sqrt{16} = 5$ knots. Or to put it another way, a wave moving at 5 knots will have a length of 16'0". Bear in mind that wave movement is not the bodily movement of the water, rather it is more akin to a ripple moving across a sheet. The ripple moves and the sheet stays where it is. There may also be some surface movement of the water created by wind, and this could be counter to the wave system that may have been created by weather many miles away. In part this can explain the short, choppy seas found where the wave length is shortened by an opposing wind and thus, since the energy has to go somewhere, the waves are made higher.

Interest in canoes; i.e., open or Canadian type, continues; in particular the permutations of sailing them. So far I have resisted offering sailing rig designs with my canoe plans on the basis that canoes, with their relatively long straight keel lines, do not lend themselves to "proper" sailing. However, having seen the Open Canoe Sailing Group canoes operating on Windermere, maybe there is something to be said for canoe sailing! How the canoe is rigged rather depends upon whether you want a paddling canoe with a sail or a sailing canoe that can be paddled. The former can have a simple homemade sail and leeboard and can be steered with a paddle, while the latter might have two or three sails, a centerboard (leeboards only for the OCSG), and a proper rudder/tiller.

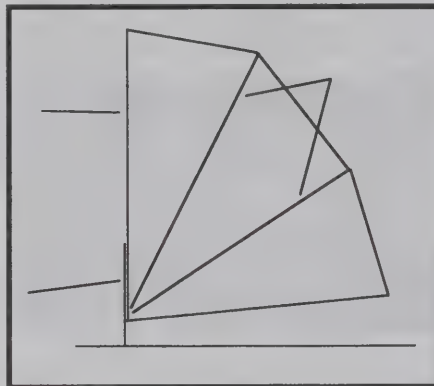
Having decided upon the type of sailing canoe, the next question is where to position the mast. Some early wooden canoes used to

Back to the Drawing Board

Part 10

(formerly Design Rules -- OK!)

By Dennis Davis
Reprinted from *Afloat!*



have a mast position provided through the bow end deck, presumably for blowing downwind only since the lee helm would be very strong as soon as the wind came abeam. A better position would be about one-third of the waterline length from the bow. If this coincides with a seat or thwart, so much the better, it can probably be utilized as the upper mast support without impeding its proper use.

Now what type of rig? If you look at any old books on canoe sailing, you will see that most of them show fairly low aspect ratio rigs. This is a sensible choice for a narrow craft not fitted with sliding seat or trapeze for it allows the center of effort to be kept reasonably low, thus keeping the capsizing moment to a minimum. Obvious choices are the simple lug rigs, including lateen sails in all their variations, the crab claw (reputedly very efficient), the batswing, and possibly the gunter lug.

Each of these requires only a relatively short mast that reduces windage to a minimum if it is left in place while paddling and fits easily into the canoe when lowered. One I quite fancy is a variation which utilizes only the top section of a batswing sail, where the yard is hinged on the boom at the gooseneck and pulled vertical by the halyard (see sketch). This rig can have a very short mast and, if fitted with full length battens radiating from the gooseneck, could be reefed by simply lowering the yard one batten for each reef. I have not seen this tried but it would seem ideal for the canoe where it is essential that all sail handling can be carried out from a single seated position. The yard/boom/gooseneck joint would need to be very strongly made, otherwise it would seem to have no major disadvantages. Tell me you know differently.

The triangular lateen is quite an efficient rig, but for any but small sail areas (suitable for canoes) it requires very long spars. One prime advantage of sailing canoes is that experimenting with various rigs can be fairly inexpensive. Incidentally, while on the subject of inexpensive sails, does anyone know of a UK source for Tyvek, a material much used in the US for homemade sails?

Having decided upon the type of sail, it is then necessary, if you want to avoid too much experimenting while afloat, to determine the static center of effort your rig will have in order to find out roughly where to position the leeboard. You will be able to do this by referring to the design article that dealt with the dinghy sails, *Afloat!* Vol. 1, No 5. Singular because only the leeward board should be in use, indeed, if you have it secured with a rope to a thwart, it is possible to get away with just a single board which is flipped from side to side as the canoe is tacked. A certain nimbleness may be required for this.

There are theories as to the correct size for the leeboards, centerboards, and rudders which relate them to the sail area, but to a large extent it comes down to common sense. A deep, narrow board will be more efficient than a shallow, wide one, and if its windward face is curved, so much the better. In fact, I suspect it is better if the cross section is an airfoil shape rather than flat on one side, do fluids actually enjoy flowing across flat surfaces?

Fitting the leeboards to the canoe without making structural alterations is not difficult, but it is worthwhile looking at what other folk have already done before expending too much time and effort resolving the problem. The position of the leeboard should be a little aft of the center of effort of the sail, try about 12" (300mm) initially. When sailing as close-hauled as your canoe will stand, there should be just a touch of weather helm; i.e., the canoe should want to turn into the wind.

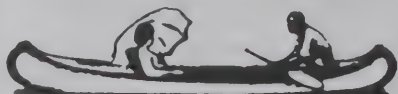
As already explained in this series, increasing wind strength will tend to increase weather helm, so when your canoe is about balanced in "normal" winds, too much weather helm can then be taken as indicating that a reef is due. Rudder fittings were discussed in the article by Keith Morris, *Afloat!* Vol. 2 No 1, and as with the leeboards, glean what you can from other sailing canoes before embarking on the making of your own fittings. Try your rig while steering with a paddle at first, you may find this completely adequate. It is certainly simple and there is much to be said for this. So there you are, with a little effort, have canoe, will sail.

KLEPPER

FOLDING KAYAKS

www.westernfoldingkayak.com
Largest Selection in the Whole USA
Western Folding Kayak Center

6155 Mt. Aukum Rd. Get more for your \$\$\$
Somerset, CA 95684-0130 Toll Free: 888-692-8092



KAYAKS

Boréal Design

Wilderness Systems - Old Town

CANOES

Ranger - Old Town - Radisson

Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker

Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951

(978) 465-0312



ALDEN OCEAN SHELL & STAR

APPLEDORE POD

MAAS AERO & 24

TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES

EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB

BRIDGES POINT 24

THULE RACKS

ROWING INSTRUCTION

55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340

(860) 536-6930



Adapting A Kayak Or Canoe To A Sailing Trimaran

By Gerard Van Wyk

After living with many different sail, paddle and rowing rigs for many years we have reached these conclusions:

Small boats are used the most. Simple boats are much better than complex craft. Safety is primary. They ought to go fast!

This little jewel meets all these criterion and it is so easy to build and sail.

We have drawn up simple prints showing the way we have adapted our stock CLC Millbank 15 sea kayak to become a safe and easily driven trimaran. The concept is appropriate for any narrow easily driven hull. Your boat may be different in length overall or beam, but the sail plan will be similar.

The amas use any good waterproof plywood for the inner and outer skin, they will be identical. The top, bottom, stem and transom can be made of any clear wood; they should be 1-1/2" square stock. The entire cavity is filled with rigid styrofoam. 12" lumberyard insulation board works just great. Leave an opening large enough to accept a 13" length of 1-1/2" aluminum pipe at the forward and after ends. Use your own imagination for the leading and trailing edges. It is not critical that the bow and stern be tapered to a great extent. Assemble the amas using epoxy, and allow to cure for 24 hours. Clean them up, and cover

the bottom and the forward and after edges with a 4 to 6 ounce fiberglass coating to resist abrasion.

The akas are made from 1-1/2" aluminum tubing, it has adequate strength for most any small craft. The secret is to not kink it in any way in bending. Your local muffler shop has just the tool to do this, and they will bend it to your exact specifications in a few minutes. Determine your waterlines and allow the amas to be about 2" in the water when your boat is empty. The vertical and horizontal sections of the akas are joined by a specific electrical fitting and a common automotive clamp. These are readily available at Home Depot, Lowe's, etc. The beauty of these connections is that the entire boat can be assembled or disassembled with just one 5/16" nutrunner.

We built a pedestal on the kayak deck to create a flat surface for the 1-1/2" aluminum tube attachment. We made this removable. I would not do this again, but would make the support a permanent part of the kayak or canoe. You will have to fabricate this support to fit your particular boat deck.

Allow sufficient space between the main hull rail and the amas to permit you to paddle should you desire.


There are many small fully battened sails which the windsurfer set have cast off which can be purchased for a pittance, and they work beautifully on this type of small trimaran. The wishbone works like magic on these tiny cut down sails. They can be easily laminated or purchased. Don't spend a lot of money on them, however. I believe a double-sprit rig would be nearly as fast. Our plans do show a small self-tending double-sprit rig, that can be sheeted right down the middle and left to care for itself. It gives the rig a strange appearance,

but it does a lot for the speed and handling of the boat. It has a 1-1/2" aluminum mast.

The windsurfer gang has also cast off many fiberglass spars. Saw as much as you need from the bottom of one and plant it in the boat with at least a 14" bury. They are marvelous! But don't pay more than ten bucks for one.

If you have any questions, or need any help feel free to call me at (616) 532-4725. Have fun messing about in boats.

Jerry Van Wyk, 4253 Red Bush Dr., Grandville, MI 49418



**16' C.B. shown
14' Picnic Cat
17' Sun Cat
19' & 23" models
in stock**

COM-PAC

FERNALD'S MARINE
On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

Wind Products **45**

SKIMMER 45



FEATURES

LARGE 45 SQUARE FOOT SAIL
COMPLETELY PORTABLE
FAST RIGGING ACTION
HIGH STRENGTH TUBING
MARINE QUALITY THROUGHOUT

America's Largest Iceboat Manufacturer

Wind Products
2485 Rosstown Road
Wellsville, PA 17365
(717) 432-1074
windproducts@email.com

SEND \$1 for
brochure






PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX 1209
FAX 978-282-1349
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930, USA

"A sense of wonder" was the primary aim of the client of Puget Sound who commissioned this design study. He wanted to sail something long and narrow that would stand out in any circumstances, but especially in action. He had in mind a big fin-keel sharpie like an enlarged Ray Hunt 110, but not so stark in style and rig. He had already had a lot of fun exploring various aesthetic possibilities and we saw having ours as well. So far easy and fun.

But then the plot thickened. It had to be built in a very small shop on a tight budget. And in further discussion it became clear that paying for such a long berth anywhere near civilization was not on the budget either, dictating routine road hauling with launching and retrieving sessions associated with each sail, with a craft of that length?

This last requirement meant that all the components, including the spars, had to come within the 33' length for civilian trailers, without special permits in many states, from the after end to the trailer hitch, and that the bridge clearance on the trailer had to be within legal limits as well. The height limit, plus the desirability of hauling up on the trailer at a low angle, dictated the 6' chine breadth, to run low between the wheels of the trailer (although by now we'd see a way for a wider hull under legal height limits).

Keeping her upright and sailing would require a serious but retractable ballast keel arrangement able to approach a public ramp under power. By way of a concession, the accommodations could be spartan, though it was stipulated that she have four berths, a rudimentary galley, and an enclosed toilet room for overnight and weekend outings, unlike many sportive devices afloat she would have to be cruiseable.

We found this challenge intriguing. The idea of making it possible to cut a dash in speed and spectacle in the company of the millionaires' yachts with a boat almost farcically cheap by comparison, both in first cost and running costs, was very much to our taste. The big yachts are great, but if they were a lot cheaper to build and use, say by a couple of orders of magnitude, and did not take up scarce berthing and mooring space, there could be a lot more of them. And it eventually came to look doable.

She would have to be a three-piece folding Sharpie Schooner.

In the context of other successful folding and module-based projects in the past, this craft would be the longest yet, albeit with relatively limited complexity and actual mechanical drama. The main hull is a box very slightly tapered at each end, nearly 30' long. Hinged on each end is a light, empty fairing, 15'3" forward and 14' aft, that folds over on top of the main hull. The unusual profile of the main hull's deckhouse is to accept the folded-over stern section within the height limit.

The rudder on the after end can be swung

Bolger on Design

Insolent 60

A Maximum Trailer Sailer

62'0" length overall
 59'5" length on deck
 29'11" length folded
 7'6" extreme breadth
 6'0" bottom breadth
 7'8" draft with full fin keel
 1'6" draft with fin keel raised
 10.7" bridge clearance on road trailer
 7000 lbs. full load displacement,
 including 3000 lbs. on the bottom
 of the fin
 815 sq. ft. working sail area
 1017 sq. ft. with main staysail

to clear the folded-over forward end. The ends are light and there is an assumption that this boat will not be short-handed, but on this scale we were looking at 12V DC powered hydraulic jacks to control and synchronize power necessary to initiate and control the folding process, likely making it faster right after launching, and more reliable, and thus safer with wind conditions less of a scary notion.

The schooner rig was chosen because it can set the most effective area of any usual rig for its overall height (effect on stability) and for the length of its masts (to be easy to raise and lower and to keep within the stipulated trailer length). It's especially well-suited to hulls which are long for the sail power they need. As the body plan shows, this hull is not particularly narrow for her depth and weight, but she is very long for her breadth. The old sharpie rule of thumb was six times as long on deck as wide on the bottom. This one is practically ten to one, like a destroyer.

Between the long length and the very shallow body, this hull won't make any waves worth contemplating at any speed, even when she is sharply heeled under a full press of sail. Her slender shape will allow her to far exceed nominal hull speed that is practically 10 knots in the first place. She might touch 15 knots reaching in a breeze, sailing right by a W-Class sloop, for instance, and with her deep fin and well-cut sails she would not be humiliated on a dead beat either. She also does not have very much surface area with the keel retracted, or wind resistance with her masts lowered, so the 9.9 hp four-stroke motor should get her 7000 lbs. around at four knots or better.

The retracting winged fin is the key to her ability to carry enough sail, in strong enough wind, to go fast, especially to windward. It's a steel fabrication with lead wings on the bottom, both carefully foil-shaped. (Incidentally, we've seen a number of designs in which wing keels are foiled upside down, with the apparent object of lifting the boat out of

water instead of holding her against leeway!)

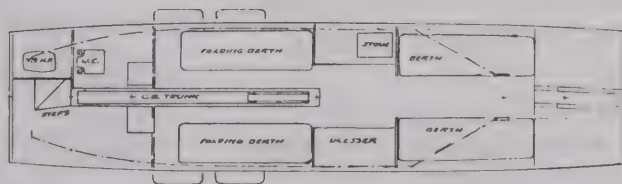
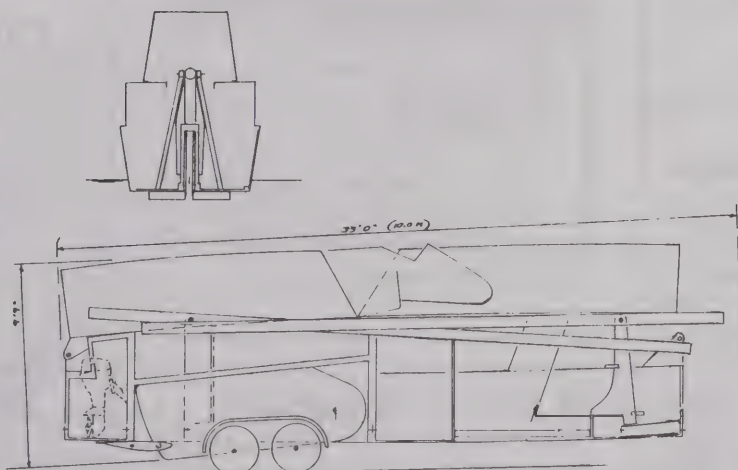
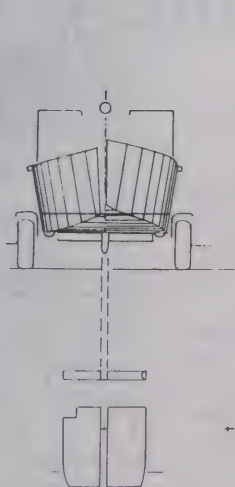
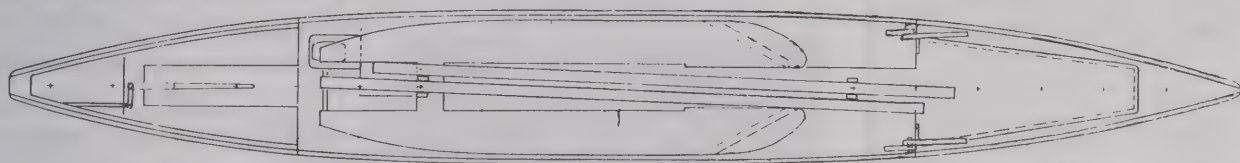
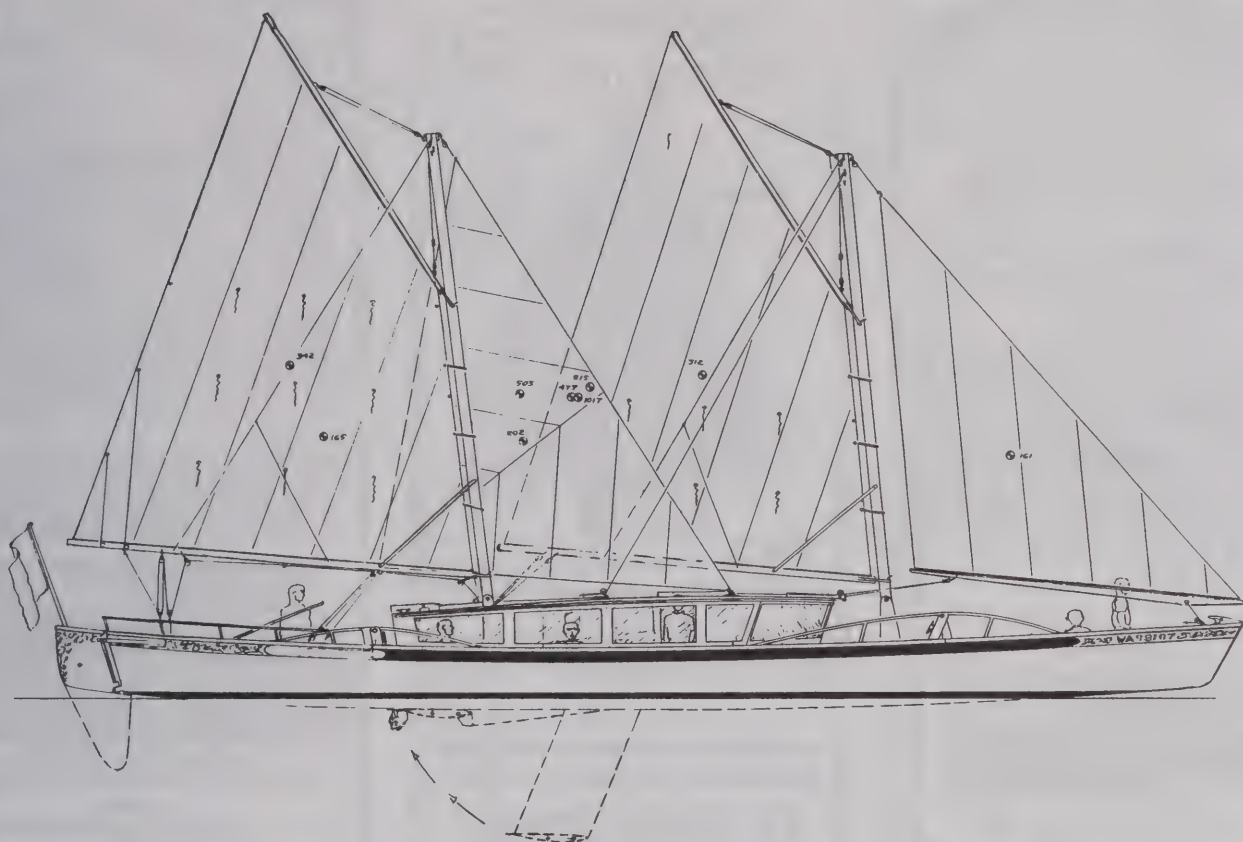
The mechanical lifting geometry of the fin is arranged in such a way that the ballast wing remains horizontal in fore and aft plane as the keel is raised; the wing ends up with its flatish upper side against the bottom of the hull with enough bearing area to allow her to sit down on it without damage. Contrariwise, the wings are not stressed by having to stand grounding unsupported. The connections that produce this effect are not at all complicated, though they do have to be precisely proportioned. We should hear in the not-too-distant future how a smaller keel of this type worked out. It was well along in fabrication the last we heard.

Insolent 60 should be doable within a moderate five-digit budget. Hull and rig construction would be fast and simple with pre-fabrication of near all structural members and panels possible on level and ergonomically correct tables, leaving the hydraulics and the keel mechanism as the focus of more intense concentration. Figure 3000+ lbs. for ply, epoxy, and glass, plus another 3000 lbs. for lead ballast, plus simple unstayed rig of 815 sf, 10 hp large prop outboard power, ground tackle, and the usual minimum of nav., comm., and safety gear.

You'd have to add the cost of a new twin-axle trailer and a matching but older tractor vehicle of say 10,000 lbs. towing capacity for some extra margin, with the latter's cost likely refreshingly low with the glut of aging SUV, Mall-Mom Battlewagons, and regular supply of corporate and governmental Suburbans and full-size one-ton-plus vans. Four-wheel drive would not be an absolute necessity using the technique we've advocated for launching and hauling the trailer at the ramp via a winch on the tow vehicle safely chocked high up on the level (see *MAIB* Vol. 17, No. 20, March 1, 2000). An old "million miles" one-ton-plus Suburban bought at auction from the utility company could handle it, even with limited life expectancy beyond a few hundred hauling miles a year.

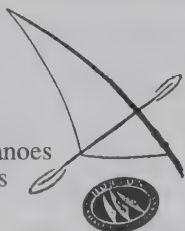
The client, living on Puget Sound, cited increasingly bad sailing weather due to climate change as favoring a power boat (?), decided not to go ahead with the project. Perhaps the partial realization (on paper) of his dream drove home certain at least initially intimidating aspects of such an unusual project inducing perhaps more awe than wonder.

We hope to get back on it sometime as we savor the thought of a fleet of these trailer-sailers competing against each other in regional and national regattas. Since she can actually be cruised by four, a family, circle of friends, or a company's hardcore sailing nuts, there would be ways to rationalize such a project. Any "syndicates" out there able to sponsor and construct a complete rig of boat, trailer, and tractor? No doubt someone will become the coordinator of a national class of Insolent 60s.



SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampan

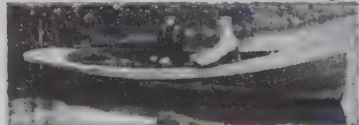


HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS

29474 Old North River Rd.
Mt. Clemens, MI 48045
(810) 468-6456
<huhorton@tir.com>

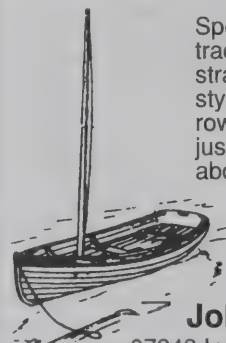
SUTHERLAND BOAT & COACH

4th Generation Boat Builder
Builds & Restores
Wooden Sail / Row Boats
Motor Launches & "Woodie" Wagons



416-1/2 W. Lake Rd.
Hammondsport, NY 14840-9603
(607) 868-3993

Independence Boatworks Builders of Small Wooden Boats



Specializing in
traditional lap-
strake or clinker
style hulls for
rowing, sailing or
just puttering
about.

John Bresnan

07243 Independence Rd.
Defiance, OH 43512
(419) 782-2876
www.independenceboatworks.com

Builders & Restorers

New from Compass Classic Yachts 14' CLASSIC CAT



Good looks •
Easy handling •
Speed •
Versatility •
Forgiveness •
LOA 14' •
Beam 7' •
Draft 10"

• Seats
• Cockpit room
• Comfort
• Stability
• Low maintenance
• Affordable price
• SA 130 sq. ft.
• Displacement 600#



DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED
Compass Classic Yachts, Inc.
Box 143, South Orleans, MA 02662
Shop 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA
(508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032

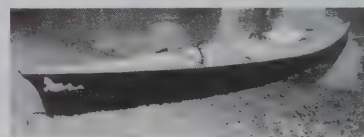
Cullison SmallCraft

Builders of Traditional and
Contemporary Rowing and Sailing Craft

Richard Cullison 11515 Kenton Drive
301-946-5002 Silver Spring, MD 20902

www.CullisonSmallCraft.com

SECRET MOUNTAIN WOODEN BOATS



Custom Shop
for Building and Repair of Wooden Boats
Kayaks ~ Canoes ~ Paddles
Sailing ~ Paddling ~ Rowing ~ Electric Power

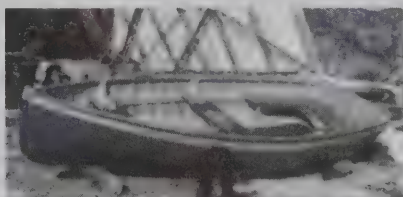
Also offering
Country Lodge Furniture, Wildlife Carvings,
Fine Art Prints
Graphic Design and Web Designing

www.secretmtnboats.com

P.O. Box 837 Ava, Missouri 65608
Phone 417-683-3238
E-Mail secretmtnboats@secretmtnboats.com

Reproduction of Charles Lawton 10' Yacht Tender

Cedar on Oak
Designed by Charles Lawton of
Marblehead, MA, ca 1980. Built:
C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997



C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543

email: stickney@midcoast.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



TRADITIONAL WOODEN
BOATBUILDING
REPAIRS & RESTORATIONS

ROB BARKER

615 Moyers Ln., Easton, PA 18042
Phone / Fax (610) 253-9210

Robb White & Sons, Inc.

Custom Small Boats
Forty Years

P.O. Box 561
Thomasville, GA 31799



O'CONNELL'S WOODEN BOATS



*Dedicated to the Creation
and Preservation of
Vintage Wooden Watercraft,
on the eastern shore of the
Chesapeake Bay.*

Marc Barto • 12319 Coopers Lane
P.O. Box 611 • Chestertown, MD 21620
(410) 778-3213 Fax (410) 778-8138

Hansen & Company Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats

Gloucester Gull Rowing Dories,
Kayaks & Other Small Boats
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@aol.com
Spruce Head, ME 04859

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats

Builders of the famous Town Class sloop
in wood or fiberglass as well as other cus-
tom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail
Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood
Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks -
Deadeyes - Bullseyes -
Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

AREY'S POND

Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

**Proud Builders of
Arey's Pond Catboats**

14' "CAT"

12' Kitten - 16' Lynx
20' Cruising Cat

Traditional elegance with a fiberglass
hull, teak trim & floorboards,
all fittings solid bronze
sitka spruce spars

Box 222, 43 Arey's Ln. (Off Rt. 28)
So. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
<http://www.by-the-sea.com/>
areyspondboatyard
E-mail: catboat@cape.com

FIBERGLASS REPLICA CLASSIC SAILBOATS

RAINBOW	Construction	BAYBIRD
12' Cape Cod Catboat	Fiberglass Hull & Deck	18' Gaff Sloop
	Varnished Oak Trim	
	Bronze Hardware	
	Wooden Spars	
	NEW!	
	Compass	
	CLASSIC CAT	
	14' Classic Half-Decked Catboat	
	Dealer Inquiries Invited	
	COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, INC.	
	Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662 * (508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032	
	(Shop @ 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA)	

LOA - 12'4"
Beam - 6'2"
SA - 100sf
Displ. 440lbs

LOA 18' 0"
Beam - 5'6"
SA - 145sf
LWL - 16'
Draft 0'8"

Small Shop?

Here's a small ad space for
you for only \$9 per issue

Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St.
Wenham, MA 01984

(607) 547-2658

Tom Krieg's Boat Shop

(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

HADDEN BOAT COMPANY

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

Currently building
34' W. Atkin tunnel stern
Sea Bright Skiff

11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548 207-371-2662

REDD'S POND BOATWORKS

Thad Danielson
1 Norman Street
Marblehead, MA 01945
thadd@mediaone.net 781-631-3443 888-686-3443

**Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs,
Traditional Construction and Materials**



SWIFTY 12



A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$975. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Two-hour demonstration video, \$23.

SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645

www.by-the-sea.com/shellboats



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip,
Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
Apt. M, 824 Thompson St.
Glastonbury, CT 06033
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>

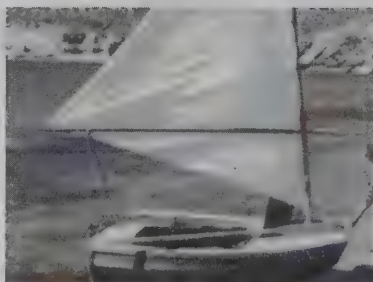
TOTO



13' x 30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
\$15 PLANS
\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118 E Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

Plans & Kits

WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun to build from inexpensive materials, and her performance will delight you. Innovative foam core deck and ample flotation make her extra safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children if they can get her away from dad. Truly a breakthrough in small boat design. Hit of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting. Plans with full size station patterns and detailed instructions \$36. SASE for more info.

GRAND MESA BOATWORKS

15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624-9778

Don't be afraid to STRIP!

Build a Beautiful Canoe, Kayak or Rowboat



Kits • Plans • Books
Cove & Bead Strips

MAX
EPOXIES

the **NEWFOUND** Catalog
WOODWORKS inc. \$3.⁰⁰

(603) 744-6872 fax (603) 744-6892

67 Danforth Brook Rd. • Bristol, NH 03222
email: info@newfound.com • www.newfound.com



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$5.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95

Monfort Associates
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504



www.geodesicairoliteboats.com



Build a Steam Launch

- PLANS, HULLS, BOILERS, ENGINES FOR VICTORIAN LAUNCHES
- COMPOUND AND TRIPLE EXPANSION ENGINE CASTINGS
- SEND \$20.00 FOR STUDY DRAWINGS PACKET



ELLIOTT BAY STEAM LAUNCH CO.

6744 SE 36th Avenue, Portland, OR 97202

Tel. 503-775-5954 • Fax 503-775-9073

www.steamlaunch.com

DENNIS DAVIS DESIGNS

Elegant economy. Build canoes, kayaks, or dinghies. Each from just two sheets of plywood. Or try my 3-metre trimaran from four sheets. \$2.00 for illustrated leaflet. D. Davis, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford, EX39 1TB, UK



Glen-L marine designs

PO Box 1804/AM1
9152 Rosencrans Ave.
Bellflower, CA 90707-1804
562-630-6258 fax 562-630-6280



'TUBBY TUG'
9' Stotch & Glue
Kid's Tugboat
Plans & Patterns \$47

WWW.GLEN-L.COM

NEW expanded 216-page Design Book -- more photos & info; over 240 designs, ONLY \$9.95, "How to Epoxy Manual \$2. Complete catalog on-line www.Glen-L.com or phone 562-630-6258 to order. MC/Visa/Disc/Amex

SWAMP YANKEE BOATS



Three Ultralight Stitch & Glue Versions
1. Ruston's "Wee Lassie" Solo Canoe
2. Rob Roy Type Decked Solo Canoe
3. Touring Kayak

Information Packet \$2.00

Robert W. Sparks

36 Soundview Hts., Branford, CT 06405
(203) 488-5932

WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES

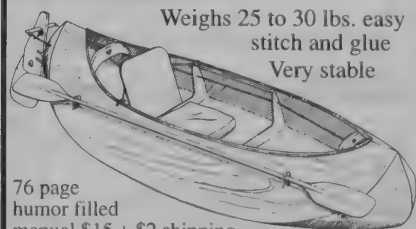
18970 AZURE ROAD, WYZATA, MN 55391

(612) 473-2360

BUILD A LITTLE DUBBER

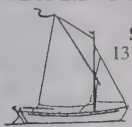
KAYAK size 7-1/2' or 9'

Weights 25 to 30 lbs. easy
stitch and glue
Very stable



76 page
humor filled
manual \$15 + \$2 shipping
Peter Hunt - The Shed for Sail Studio
PO Box 135 Norton, MA 02766 508-285-4984

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



SANDPIPER
13'9" Sailing Skiff
With Choice
of Rig



SHOVELOR
9'9" Pram Dinghy
For Daysailing,
Camping
Children's Boat

**OYSTER-
CATCHER**
15'6" Flatiron
Sailing Skiff
For Daysailing
& Camping



SPOONBILL
15'10" Sailing
Scow For
Camping Or
As Outboard Launch



PLANS FOR EASY HOME BUILDING

For study plans send \$1 for each boat to:
Conrad Natzio Boatbuilder, The Old School, Brundish Road,
Raveningham, Norwich NR14 6NT, UK,
Tel.Fax +44 1508 548675



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have developed a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous type within the reach of home builders with a minimum investment in time and money.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40.00 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5.00.

BOOKS: ☐ Instant Boats, \$16.00 ☐ Build the New Instant Boats, \$19.95 ☐ How to Build Your Own Boat, \$20.00 ☐ Build the Instant Catboat, \$12.95 ☐ How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory, \$7.95 ☐ Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing, \$7.95 ☐ Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson, \$19.95 ☐ Bolger's 100 Small Boat Rigs, \$19.95 ☐ Boat Modeling the Easy Way, \$19.95 Add \$1.00 S&H

Name

Street

City State Zip

Harold H. Payson & Co.

Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858
207-594-7587



ATKIN

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

Over 200 designs. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities, and houseboats. \$10 U.S., \$15 Canada, \$18 overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN DESIGNS

P.O. Box 3005, Noroton, CT 06820
apatkin@aol.com

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt.-15 gal. units
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures
as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$147.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KITS

- **REICHOLD** Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- **NESTE** GelCoats
- Sikaflex Urethane Sealants
- Gloucester Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- 2 part Urethane Pour Foam



Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood Flour Pigments • Milled & Chop Fibers • Squeegees Syringes • Brushes • Rollers • Paper Pots • Gloves Coveralls • And More

LOW PRICES ON: Silicon Bronze Wood Screws
Nails & Stainless Fasteners

Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS,
HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399, E. Longmeadow, MA 01028
Fax (413) 736-3182 - www.mertons.com

Free Catalog! **800-333-0314**

Supplies



Shoestring Shipyard

Your on-line source for
backyard boatbuilding.



www.shoestringshipyard.com
PO Box 117, Sagamore Beach, MA 02562
508.888.7960

PORTAGE CARTS

(for Canoes and Kayaks)

Disassembles easily

\$49.95
(plus shipping
via UPS)

The Practical
Alternative
13880 C.R. 13 N
St. Augustine, FL
32092

Details on request

email: DonaldWynnErdmann@msn.com
http://home.talkcity.com/CommerceSt/
tpal/index.htm



ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick. New
supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

HCR Box 337, Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

PADDLES & OARS



Maine Craftsmanship at its finest.
Surprisingly affordable.
Most shipped UPS. Write for
free catalog.

SHAW & TENNEY

Box 213MB
ORONO, ME 04473
(207) 866-4867

- Specializing in aerodynamic designs for small craft -

- Gaff, gunter, lug, lateen, leg-o-mutton, sprit, square, etc.

- Tanbark, white, or Egyptian Dacron



Stuart K. Hopkins

P.O. Box 235

Wicomico Ch., VA 22579

(804) 580-8723

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307

Smithfield, RI 02917-0704

Tel (401) 232-2372

Fax (401) 232-1029

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



16 Limerock St. Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561

YANMAR
Diesel Power

ORR'S ISLAND BOAT WORKS

Award Winning Dealer 9hp-500hp Diesels

Full Parts Inventory

Expert Technical Assistance

8 Park Place (800) 339-6777

Orr's Island, ME 04066 (207) 833-5852

E-mail: oibw@awi.net



The Gear Hammock

The Marlinspike Artist

360 Gooseberry Rd.

Wakefield, RI 02879

Tel: (401) 783-5404

Made by hand with traditional fishing net methods and materials. Knotted from cotton seine twine with solid brass or stainless steel rings at ends. 24" and 36" long. \$15.00 and \$20.00. includes shipping and handling.

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Simply Messing About In Boats
Shirts & Tote Bags
other designs available
toll free 877-637-7464
www.messingabout.com



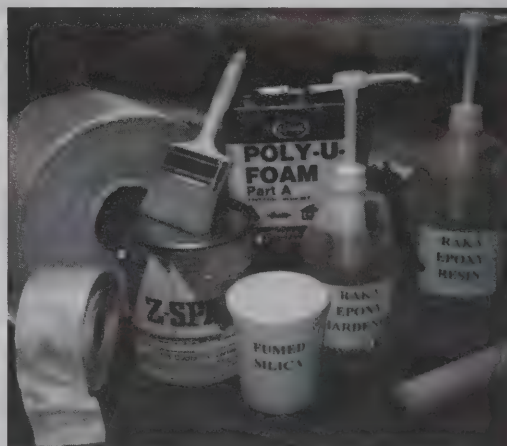
**Dry-Dock
Cover**

(800) 789-8143

Come Visit our Website
D.S. SEWING
We Guarantee Quality

www.ds-sewing.com

**Cover Your Boat
...with the Best!**



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory include smany weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday, but calls are welcome seven days a week until 10pm. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA, INC.

41 No. Congress Ave. #8B, Delray Beach, FL 33445

Ph. (561) 279-8929 - Fax (561) 279-2539

www.raka.com

TEAK & HOLLY • LAUAN

OKOUME • SAPELE • TEAK

MARINE PLYWOOD

Hardwood Plywood
Hardwood Lumber
1 (800) 899-1664
We Ship Anywhere!

 **MAINE COAST LUMBER**
35 Birch Hill Road
York, ME 03909

SPIP • KHAYA • FIR

Telephone (413) 783-5589

20 TREETOP AVENUE

SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01103

DROP RUDDERS • TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

We have old Atlas Co. machines. Pure half hard hand drawn copper. Just the thing for lapstrake canoes, skiffs, dories.
3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"
11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"
Send \$3 for Sample Packet & Info.

STRAWBERRY BANKE MUSEUM
POB 300MB, Portsmouth, NH 03802

**Don't start your project
without these!**

Wood Canoe Hardware



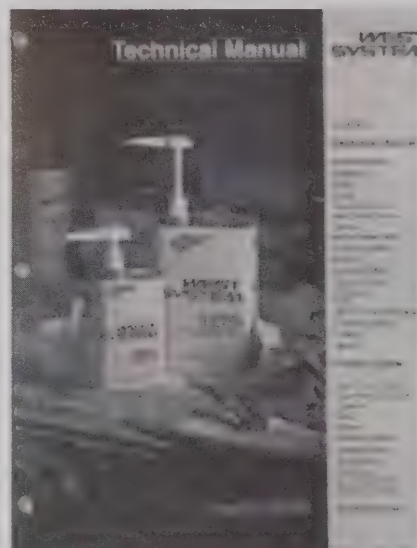
CANOE HARDWARE
1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP
Ph: (888) 564-1020
Fax: (207) 564-3667
Web: www.woodencanoes.com



**The Gougeon Brothers
On Boat Construction**

A 297 page book on lofting, safety, tools and construction methods for building boats with wood and WEST SYSTEM Brand Epoxy. Includes hundreds of detailed illustrations and photographs.
Hardcover, \$27.50



**The WEST SYSTEM
Technical Manual**

A great way to get familiar with WEST SYSTEM, the universally trusted boat building and repair products. Everything you need to know for bonding, laminating, fairing, coating and finishing your project.
29 pages, illustrated, FREE

**This Space
Available
\$21/Issue
for supplies our
readers may
find useful.**

Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St.
Wenham, MA
01984-1943
(no phone)

**WEST
SYSTEM**
BRAND

Gougeon Brothers, Inc., Dept. 77, P.O. Box 908, Bay City, MI 48708, Ph. 517-684-7286

Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE



Windrider 16, w/trlr. New Sail & mast ext. Over \$5,000 replacement value, asking \$2,500. JOE LA GRASSO, Fenton, MI, (810) 750-9188, <LAGRASSOJ@AOL.com> (TF)

18' William Atkin XLNC Skiff, w/decking, clincker blt, cross-planked bottom. Cypress on mahogany. Copper rivets, 20hp, 4-cycle Honda V-twin air-cooled w/water injected exhaust. See "Launchings, *WoodenBoat* #156. Like new cond. Asking \$13,500.

TURNER MATTHEWS, (941) 794-8722 days, (941) 748-1690 eves & wknds. (14)

Fleet Sale, Cape Dory 14', Simmons Sea Skiff, Wee Lassie Canoe 11'. All together at one time, all in gd cond. No reasonable offer refused. ALAN STERMAN, S. Orleans, MA, (508) 255-4682. (14)

Classic 16' Wood Sloop, full keel, cuddy, OB, trlr. Surveyed, insured. \$7,000.

HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (14)



30' Cape Dory Cutter, '85. meticulously cared for example of Carl Alberg's 4'2" draft full keel 30' cruising sailboat. In 2-1/2 yrs I've owned this yacht I have put in thousands of dollars in upgrades. The Universal M-18 diesel has only 900hrs. The gelcoat is orig & looks grt. The dodger, bimini & sail covers are new, as are the barrier coat, bottom paint, rigging, Ray 4000+ autopilot & too much more to list. Located FL east coast. Arthritis forces sale, offered far below my cost at \$40,900.

JOHN MC CARTHY, Satellite Beach, FL, (321) 773-8791, http://www.natureswing.com/cape_dory/ (14)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.



35' Fuji, FG hull w/wood trim & masts, Westerbeke diesel, full electronics. Well equipped, was cruising summer 2001. Looking for smaller boat in trade or \$15,000.

TOM MORSE, Gloucester, MA, (978) 283-0869. (14)

Melonseed, mahogany trim, flrbds, rudder, tiller, daggerbd. Tlr, boat cover, spare wheel, red sail, gm hull, beige deck. Sale forced by health. \$3,500.

PHRED PALMER, St. Augustine, FL, (904) 824-5610. (14)

2000 Sea Pearl 21 Trimaran, cat ketch w/unstayed masts & vertical battens. 4hp 2000 4-stroke Yamaha, anchor, compass, nav lts, teak helmsman's backrest, 2 biminis, sail & tiller covers, trlr w/13" wheels, brakes, spare tire. Yellow w/lt gray decks. Boat & trlr in salt water only once. In pristine cond. \$14,500. RAINER K. KERN, Rosenberg, TX, (281) 342-2692, <bubba6@evl.net> (14)

Sea Pearl 21, '83, water ballast, rotating goose-necks, aluminum marconi rig, OB mnt (no OB), oars & oarlocks, compass, soft cabin (camper) top, trlr, Danforth anchor & rode, teak stripped w/new Cetol finish, overall vy gd cond. \$5,700.

GUY NOWELL, Edgewater, MD, (410) 721-1024, <bobandguy@hotmail.com> (14)

'84 Hunter 20, w/'89 3.5hp Tohatsu OB & '84 Magic Tilt trlr. Solar battery charger, battery, spare water pump impeller, trlr ext tongue, spare tire never used. Grt 1-3 person boat. Hunter says it slips 5. Gd cond. Asking \$4,900.

PHIL TETER, Tulsa, OK, (918) 742-2964, <poteter@olp.net> (14)

Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store.

FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

Bolger/Edey & Duff Dovekie, '79, #4. Tlr '92 w/ new tires & wheels. Boat sound but nds TLC, cosmetics. Sail gd. \$1,800.

DON HURD, Annapolis, MD, (410) 263-5101 before 9pm. (15)



'71 Bristol 26 Sloop, shoal draft, grt family boat, lg cockpit, full hdrm, enclosed head, slips 5. New sails, 9.9 Yamaha 4-stroke w/remote controls, new battery & solar panel. Sailing dinghy incl. In water & ready to sail in mid-Chesapeake area. \$4,500.

AL FITTIPALDI, Titusville, NJ, (609) 818-0350 (15)

16' International Fireball, performance planing dinghy. Varnished mahogany deck, spinnaker, galv hwy trlr, trapeze harness, cover, custom gear bags, tons of Harken rigging. Winner San Diego Wooden Boat Show. Exc cond. Sacrifice price \$1,500.

RANDY AMES, Oceanside, CA, (760) 940-8417. (15)



15' Nancy's China, Devlin design comparable to Compaq 16, Montgomery 15, or West Wight Potter 14. Gaff rig, tanbark sails, daggerboard, tabernacle, all bronze hrdwre. 3hp OB, trlr, well outfitted for cruising. Nds some refinishing. Located St. Louis, MO, must be picked up. \$3,500 negotiable. LARRY APPELBAUM, 4646 Spring Dr., St. Louis, MO 63123. (15)



Simmons Sea Skiff, 8/01, Honda 25, fishfinder, compass, bimini. \$10,500.
RAINER KERN, Rosenberg, TX, (281) 342-2692. (15)

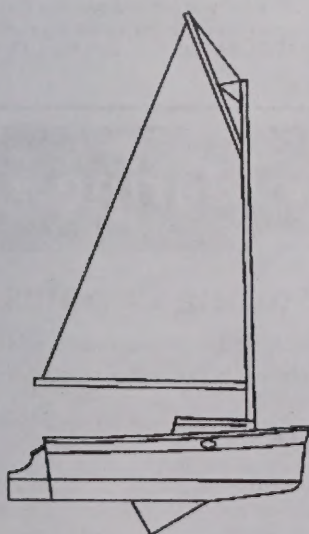
18' William Atkin XLNC Skiff, w/decking, clincher blt, cross planked bottom. Cypress on mahogany. Copper rivets, 20hp 4 cycle Honda V-twin air cooled w/water injected exhaust. See "Launchings" *WoodenBoat* #156. Like new cond. \$13,500.
TURNER MATTHEWS, Bradenton, FL, (941) 794-8722 days, (941) 748-1690 eves/wknds. (15)

Used Sailboats, Escape Mambo, Precision 165, SunCat 17, Slipper 17, Precision 18, ComPac 23. Fernald's, 291 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (15)

Sea Pearl 21, w/trlr. Gd cond, well maintained, blt '82. Sails new '96, marconi 136sf. Self bailing cockpit, leebeds, ballast tanks '90. Tlr serviced summer 2000. \$4,750.
MARY WARD, 44 Brickyard Cove Rd., Harpswell, ME 04079. (15)

Puffin, '89 rowboat or motor. 10'6" gd cond. Tlr fair. \$300. **'85 Johnson**, 4hp Sailwin LS. \$250.
HAL ZIEGLER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-0064. (15)

14' O'Day Javelin, '71. FG hull in exc cond. Roller furling jib, sails & tlr in vy gd shape. \$1,800.
ART PETERSON, Asbury, NJ, (708) 735-5462. (15)



Peep Hen 14 Sailboat, '96 w/4hp Yamaha. Galv tlr, full canvas incl camper enclosure, bimini, dodger, sail & tiller covers. Lexan drop boards, cushions inside & out, tabernacle mast, tanbark sail. Teak cockpit grate, boarding ladder, anchor, running lights. Cruising amenities. Use as a camper (see Peep Hen cover story in September 15, 2001 issue). \$7,900 OBO
DONALD FILICETTI, Richardson, TX, (972) 907-1882, <filicetti@msn.com> (15)

Sea Kayak, 18' Cape Charles CLC #42, natural deck, light blue hull, flush hatches, West polyurethane finish. \$1,200 OBO.
ART ANDERSON, Granville, MA, (413) 357-6681. (15)

BOATS WANTED

Inflatable Boat, used Innova Helios 380 or 340, preferably w/rudder.
MICHAEL SCHODOWSKY, Berea, OH, (440) 239-9742, <seanowse@aol.com> (14)

Shoal Draft Float, decked over steel or heavy wood to use as work platform for pond clearing. Ideally 8' wide by 10'-12' long for pick-up by vehicle recovery truck somewhere on northeast coast.
BOB SERVAIS, 97 Jewell St., Mansfield, MA 02048, (508) 339-2409. (15)

Small Trawler, under 23', reasonably priced.
CLAY TEPPENPAW, 6110 Florida Ave., New Port Richey, FL 34653, (727) 849-3766, <graced@gtc.net>

GEAR FOR SALE

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

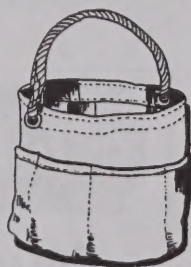
half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration
from *The Wind in the Willows*

Tee \$16.50, Tank \$16.50, Long Sleeve \$21.50, Sweatshirt \$26.50, Tote Bag \$18.00, Shipping \$4. VISA/MC/AMEX. Other designs also available.
DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. For more information call toll free 877-637-7464 or visit our website www.messingabout.com (TFP)



Canvas Bosun Bucket From England, a traditional English maritime design made of durable natural heavy canvas. Rope handle w/5 handy outside pockets. Great for boat gear or gardening too. 10.5" tall x 8.5" wide. \$24, S&H \$5. We accept Visa, MasterCard &

American Express.
NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, tel. 207.985.6134, fax 207.442.0159, email <nors@loa.com>, on the web at www.norsgear.com (TFP)

Eskimo Type Double Paddle, beautiful Cricket laminated wood/FG, bright finished. 7-1/2", 48 oz. Like new, hardly used. Half new price at \$75.
BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984, (978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (13)



"Life's Too Short To Own An Ugly Boat" Bumper Sticker, \$1.50 ea, add \$1 postage for up to 20.
SOUTHPORT ISLAND MARINE, P.O. Box 320, Southport, ME 04576, (207) 633-6009. (14P)

Yamaha 9.9 OB, 4-stroke 25", low hrs. \$900. **New Force 10 Heater**, 2-burner stove & fuel tanks (10lb), \$200. **Bomar Hatches**, other misc gear.
JOHN MULLIGAN, E. Hampton, NY, (631) 324-8346. (15)

'84 Johnson 9.9 Sailmaster OB, 25" shaft, elec strt w/alternator. Less than 50hrs use. Properly maintained & winterized. \$550.
BOB YORKE, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-1651 eves. (13)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.
NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3907 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221 (TF)

Building Paradox Articles, (16 articles, 50 pgs) available from author. Articles \$8 + 42 shipping in USA, overseas shipping \$4.
DON ELLIOTT, 711 Wisconsin Ave., Tomah, WI 54660, (608) 372-0614, <delliott@tomah.com>. (14)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.
WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TF)

"Sleeper," 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.
EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912 (TFP)

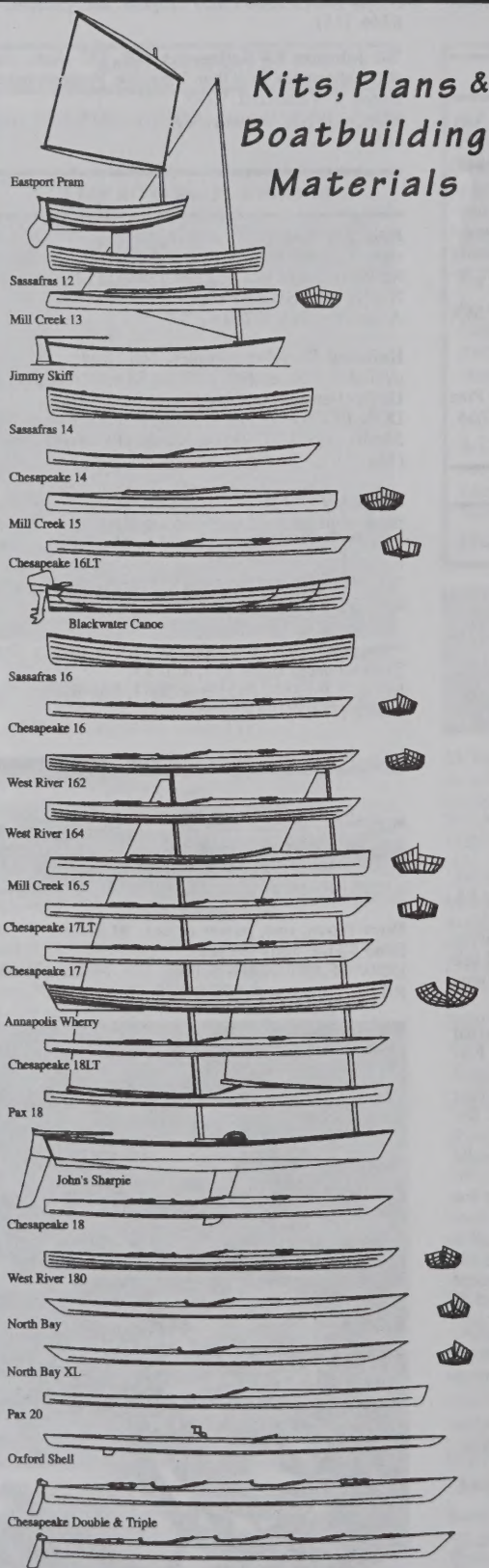


Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



All My Girls, a fun book for all, grt gift for your boating friends. Reviewed in March 1, 2001 issue. \$9 check or MO.
TOM MORSE, P.O. Box 569, Gloucester, MA 01930. (14)

www.clcboats.com



Kits, Plans & Boatbuilding Materials

CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT

Find what you need at www.clcboats.com

Chesapeake Light Craft
1805 George Avenue
Annapolis, MD 21401

Request a free catalogue:
410 267 0137
kayaks@clcinc.com



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6" x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr.,
Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net>
(TFP)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM:
Customer photos. **FREE** how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes **FREE** Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" Manual \$2.00.
GLEN-L, Box 1804/MAI, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258 www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat, will still do free pictures of your boat but \$50 for 9" x 12" & \$100 for 18" x 24" will get your painting done first. Send no money until you get a painting you like.
SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040 (TFP)

John Jay Marine

Marine Consulting & Sales

100 Commercial Street • Suite 205 • Portland, ME 04101
207-772-6951 web: www.boatsofcharacter.com

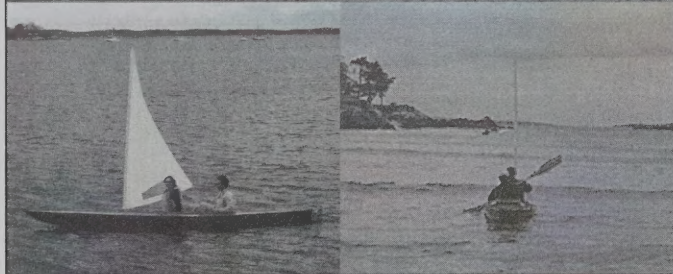
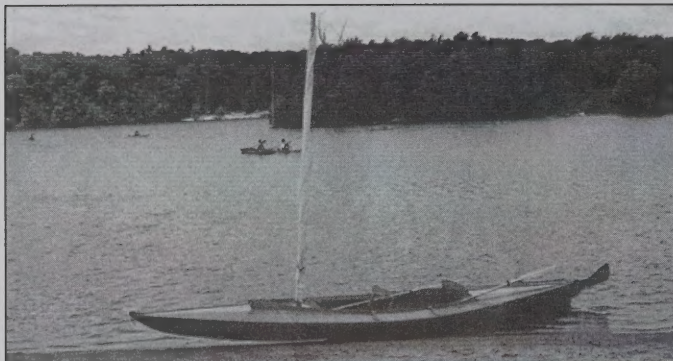
- 25' Custom Fantail Launch (new), diesel, cedar over oak, a stunner!
\$33,900
- 25' Custom Lobster Launch, Lowell-design, diesel, avail. 9/01 (new)
\$64,995
- 21' Martini Picnic Launch (new), 18 hp diesel, tons of character, fiberglass
only \$31,900
- 18' Martini Launch (2000), diesel, fiberglass, trailer.
only \$26,900
- 21' Ranger Tug (1995), like new, diesel, trailer.
only \$28,995

We offer the finest in New and Pre-Owned Launches, Downeast and Character Powerboats. Call today with your boating needs (both purchase and sale).
Contact: Jay Hotchkiss, CMC - Pres.



**Well, another day of messing
about in boats, fun wasn't it!"**

With Thanks to Bill Woodhead for the Photo



The Caillou

A BETTER SMALL BOAT.™

877 CAILLOU
www.sail-or-paddle.com



Wicked Fast

Forward-facing rowing by **Ron Rantilla**
www.FrontRower.com 401-247-1482 RI



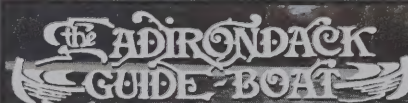
Wholesale Leather Merchandising

- * hand curried bridle & russet
- * veg tanned sides & butts
- * reenactment leathers
- * orthopedic leathers & linings
- * deerskins & garment leathers
- * work & show chap leathers
- * sail makers leather & chafe gear
- * military & police leathers
- * collar leathers
- * motorcycle jacket, chap & saddlebag leathers
- * slipper & rug shearlings
- * antique & classic upholstery hides
- * crust leathers & splits
- * stock lots & remnants
- * no minimums, instant shopping
- * we accept VISA and M/C
- * free advice

Specialty Leathers for Craft and Industry

TOLL FREE
877-884-7200

Phone: 978-356-7300 • Fax 978-356-7424
E-mail: fredco@ipswich.org
1 Peatfield Street, Ipswich, MA 01938



PO 144
Charlotte, VT
05445
802 425-3926

Fast.
Light.
Seaworthy.
Beautiful.
Cedar or Kevlar.
Kits. Classes

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

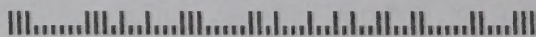
POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

XIX-14

messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

S1 P6



*****AUTO**5-DIGIT 01970

PHILLIPS LIBRARY
PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
161 E INDIA SQUARE MALL
SALEM MA 01970-3723

PRSRST STD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148